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SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
BIOGRAPHY— Lindsay's Lives of the Lindsays.....	391
Simpson's Correspondence with Körner	393
Thirteen Letters from Sir Isaac Newton	394
Gleig's Life of Sir Thomas Munro	395
PHILOSOPHY— Lewis's Essay on the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion.....	397
Voyages and Travels— Facts and Reflections.....	401
Headley's Adirondack	402
NATURAL HISTORY— Broderip's Zoological Recreations	403
FICTION— Hamilton's Fairy Tales and Romances	404
Tales of the First French Revolution	404
Waverley Novels.....	404
Mrs. Lee's Log Cabin	404
EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS— Martin's Illustrated Atlas and Modern History of the World	405
RELIGION— Cheever's Hill Difficulty	404
An Introduction to the Use of Scriptural Analogies	405
MISCELLANEOUS— The Evils of England, Social and Economical	405
MUSIC— Allman's Oh! Wilt Thou ever Think of Me?	406
Wood's Edition of the Songs of Scotland	406
St. George's Harmonic Society	406
BOOKS RECEIVED	406
ART:— Talk of the Studios.....	407
THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.....	407
Musical and Dramatic Chit-Chat	407
ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.....	407
CORRESPONDENCE— "The Status of the Jews in England" and the "Athenaeum" Journal	407
JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS— Destruction—North America—French Exploration of Africa—Electric Telegraph between London and Paris—Phillips's Fire Annihilator	408
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE— Gossip of the Literary World	408
NECROLOGY— Mrs. Sheriff—Mr. Pigott	409
WIT AND WISDOM	409
Visiting	410
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS	410
HEIRS-AT-LAW, NEXT-OF-KIN, ETC., WANTED	410
ADVERTISEMENTS	389, 390, 411, 412

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What a sweet melancholy tale is this of

THE LAST OF THE LAIRDS.

The last of these Lairds was the son of David, and grandson of John of Edzell. His history and that of his family is a very mournful one. He would never marry, partly owing to the depression of his fortunes, and partly owing to an early and unrequited passion for his cousin Jean Maria Lindsay, "a lady whom he revered so very highly," says her great grandson, my informant, "that sometimes he would put the point of his sword to his breast, and would then declare that he could freely shed his blood for her." This disappointment and his other misfortunes, preying on a haughty, sensitive, wayward and unregulated spirit, drove him to excesses of all kinds, good and bad,—to gallantry, extravagance, and recklessness, and even, if report be true, to murder—and ended in utter ruin. "He was strong in person," says my venerable informant, "as well as potent by reason of his numerous dependents

and followers of his fortune, while he possessed the lands of Edzell; these could well wield the broadsword, and at his bidding follow him trustily, either in a good or a bad cause,—for it was a sad thing then to anger the Laird, either by a deficiency of fealty or disobedience to his orders. So much did the very Catarine, or Highland cattle-stealers, stand in awe of him, that they never committed any depredation on his extensive property, which included the most, if not the whole four parishes of Edzell, Lochlee, Lethnot and Navar, although in his time they committed no little havoc both on Ferne on the west, and Glenbervie, eastward of Edzell. He was likewise a very noted hunter, and lived for a time in great abundance, till, owing to various causes, but chiefly to his own gross imprudence, and misconduct, he was forced to quit his fine property, which was purchased by the Earl of Panmure about 1714, intending to join the cause of the Stuarts against government, and chiefly, it was said, to obtain a hardy set of swordsmen to follow him in his intended enterprise; and he thereby succeeded David Lindsay in possession of the Edzell estate, but this he did not long retain, as he was forfeited the very next year, when that property was sold by government to the York Buildings Company, and David Lindsay, in the meanwhile, with the wreck of his fortune, and by the aid of my grandfather, bought the small estate of Newgate—there he resided for some years; this little property he was at length constrained to sell to my above grandfather, when he removed to Kirkwall, in the Orkney Islands, where he died in the capacity of an hostler at an inn about the middle of last century,—or, as stated by Earl James in his Memoirs, in 1744, aged about eighty years—a landless outcast, yet unquestionably *de jure* "Lord the Lyndissay," as representative of David the Third, and of Ludovic the sixteenth Earl of Crawford. Edzell had two sisters, both of them, I believe, left early motherless,—the eldest named Margaret, remembered in tradition as "the proud Lady of Edzell," and married to Watson of Atherny, the representative of an ancient and opulent family in Fifeshire, which was ruined through her extravagance—the youngest, Janet, a lovely and graceful girl, whose fate throws a shade of still deeper sadness over the darkening fortunes of her house. She fell a victim to the arts of the younger son of a noble Scottish family, who ruined and deserted her. A daughter was the fruit of this ill-omened love,—of whom descendants still exist in England; and the faithless lover left the country, and was killed at the battle of Almanza, in Spain, in 1707." The circumstances of the last Edzell's "fitting" are still remembered in the neighbourhood, and I give them in the simple but impressive words of local tradition:—"The Laird like his father, had been a wild and wasterful man, and had been long awa"—he was deeply engaged with the unsuccessful party of the Stuarts, and the rumours of their defeat were still occupying the minds of all the country-side. One afternoon, the poor Baron with a sad and sorrowful countenance and heavy heart, and followed by only one of his company, both on horseback, came to the castle, almost unnoticed by any. Everything was silent—he ga'd into his great big house, a solitary man—there was no wife or child to give him welcome, for he had never been married. The castle was almost deserted,—a few old servants had been the only inhabitants for many months. Neither the Laird nor his faithful follower took any rest that night. Lindsay the broken-hearted ruined man, sat all that night in the large hall, sadly occupied—destroying papers sometimes, reading papers sometimes, sometimes writing, sometimes sitting mournfully silent—unable to fix his thoughts on the present or to contemplate the future. In the course of the following day he left the castle in the same manner in which he had come,—he saw none of his people or tenants; his one attendant only accompanied him,—they rode away, taking with them as much of what was valuable or useful as they could conveniently carry. And, turning round to take a last look of the old towers, he drew a last long sigh, and wept. He was never seen here again.—Year after year passed away, and the castle fell to ruin,—the banner rotted on the keep—the roof fell in—the pleasure became a wilderness—the summer-house fell to decay—the woods grew wild and tangled—the dogs died about the place, and the name of the old proprietors was seldom mentioned, when a lady one day arrived at

Edzell, as it is still related, in her own coach, and drove to the castle. She was tall and beautiful, and dressed in deep mourning. "When she came near the ancient burying-place," says the same faint voice of the past, "she alighted, and went into the chapel, for it was then open,—the doors had been driven down, the stone figures and carved work was all broken, and bones lay scattered about. The poor lady went in, and sat down amang it a', and wept sore at the ruin of the house and the fate of her family, for no one doubted of her being one of them, though no one knew who she was or where she came from. After a while she came out, and was driven in the coach up to the castle; she went through as much of it as she could, for stairs had fallen down and roofs had fallen in,—and in one room in particular she stayed a long while, weeping sadly. She said the place was very dear to her, though she had now no right to it, and she carried some of the earth away with her."—It was Margaret of Edzell, the Lady of Atherny, as ascertained by an independent tradition derived from a venerable lady of the house of Atherny, who lived to a great age, and always spoke of her with bitterness as "the proud bird out of the eagle's nest" who had ruined her family. "She came once to my father's house," said she to my informant, "with two of her children. She was on her way to Edzell Castle. It was years since it had passed away from her family. My father did all he could to persuade her from so wae fu' a journey, but go she would; and one morning she set off alone, leaving her children with us to wait her return. She was a sair changed woman when she came back—her haughty manner was gone, and her proud look turned into sadness. She had found everything changed at Edzell since she left it, a gay lady, the bride of Atherny. For the noise and merriment of those days, she found silence and sadness,—for the many going to and fro, solitude and mouldering walls,—for the plentiful board of her father, his house only, roofless and deserted. When she looked out from the windows, it was the same gay and smiling landscape, but all within was ruin and desolation. She found her way to what had been in former days her own room, and there, overcome with the weight of sorrow, she sat down and wept for a long time,—she felt herself the last of all her race, for her only brother was gone, no one could tell where. She came back to Gardrum the next day, and she just lived to see the ruin of Atherny, which her extravagance and folly had brought on, for the Laird was a good-natured man and could deny her nothing. They both died, leaving their family in penury."—And such was the end of the "prond house of Edzell!"

Let us add to these desultory gleanings the brief story of the Heir of Crawford, who was fated as

THE PRODIGAL EARL.

Left motherless at an early age and neglected by his father (whose suspicious heart may possibly have wronged his second wife, as he had previously broken the heart of the bride of his youth, the fair Lilias Drummond), the young Master was left entirely to the care and superintendence of Mr. Peter Nairn, his "pedagogue," whose letters to Edzell and Lord Menmuir from the University of St. Andrew's pourtray most touchingly the desolation in which they lived—"Our letters," he writes in 1598, "are not received, the bearers boasted and threatened, our board is not paid in time—our meat therefore is 'panis angustie' to us—we are in all men's mouth for the same,—three years since the Master gat any clothing, saif one stand (suit) at the King's beard in our town. I have suplyt thir defects as my poverty and credit could serve,—there is no hope of redress but either to steal of the town, or sell our insight (furniture), or get som extraordinar help, gif it were possible. Haifing therefore used your Lordship's mediation, [I] thought guid to crave your counsel in this straitness—as it were betwix shame and despair. The Master, beand now became ane man in stature and knowledge, taket this heavily but patiently, because he is, for his strait handling, in small accont with his marrowes,—yet, praisit be God! above all his equals in learning. We have usit," he adds, "since your Lordship's beand in St. Andrew's, all possible moyen, in all reverence (as we ought) and humility," in dealing with the Earl, "but little or nothin' mendit."—And an earlier letter mentions the t'—ned by the Master when, after long expectancy, his father

[SEPT. 1,

visited the town—and left it without seeing him. His heart crushed, his self-esteem wounded, his attempts to win his father's love rejected, all the sweet affections of his nature were turned to gall, his intellect ran to waste, and, on attaining the independence of manhood, he gathered a band of broken Lindsays around him, and revenged his childhood's misery upon society. Love might yet have reclaimed him, but his marriage proved unfortunate—and a divorce released both wife and husband from what had become a mere bond of bitterness. I have little more to relate of him except the strange circumstances of his latter years. Reckless and profuse, and alienating the possessions of the Earldom in a manner which, however unjust, could not, it would seem, be legally prevented, a solemn council was held by the family, who determined to imprison him for life, in order to prevent further dilapidation; they accordingly confined him in Edinburgh Castle, where he spent his remaining years under surveillance, but acting in every respect otherwise as a free agent. Hence the epithet by which he is frequently distinguished by contemporary genealogists, of "Comes Incarceratus," or the Captive Earl. He died in the Castle, in February, 1621, and was buried in the chapel of Holyrood-house, leaving only one child, Lady Jean Lindsay, an orphan, destitute and uncared for, and fated to still deeper debasement, having run away with a common "jockey with the horn," or public herald, and lived latterly by mendicancy—"a sturdy beggar," though mindful still of the sphere from which she had fallen, and "bitterly ashamed." An aged lady related her melancholy history to Crawford the antiquary, who flourished during the early years of last century, adding that she remembered seeing her begging when she herself was young. Shortly after the Restoration, King Charles II. granted her a pension of one hundred a-year, "in consideration of her eminent birth and necessitous condition," and this probably secured her comfort during the evening of her days.

Among the most remarkable and certainly the most interesting of the LINDSAYS was Lady ANNE BARNARD, who left behind her an autobiography, amusing in itself and most curious and valuable as a minute picture of the times in which she lived, and especially of the domestic manners and habits of the higher classes. She pictures her childhood delightfully. What a graphic sketch is this of

LADY ANNE'S GOVERNESS.

Our governess, Henrietta C——, amidst many faults, was passionately fond of her, but did not spare her when she was wrong. On a certain occasion, I forget what, "If you do so again," said she, "Lady Margaret, devil take me if I do not whip you severely,"—adding, "You do not mind what I say, and therefore I swear to it." Margaret at no great distance of time committed the same sin,—"I see now how you have attended to what I told you," said Henrietta; "if this happens once more, I positively must whip you."—"I do remember what you told me," said Margaret, "and you are bound to whip me."—"I certainly shall the very first time you do so."—"No, Miss C——, you must whip me now; you swore to it and said, Devil take you if you would not whip me severely."—Henrietta acknowledged it, but said this once she would excuse her. "And will God excuse you? No,"—said Margaret "I insist upon it that you whip me directly." Henrietta remonstrated; Margaret cried, expecting every moment to see the devil take away the governess. At last she carried the point, and was laid on her knee; but Henrietta, feeling no anger, and being full of admiration of the culprit, who was insisting on a flogging to save her soul, instead of inflicting the punishment quietly, bellowed so loud herself at every stroke as to bring my mother into the room, who soon settled the business. Margaret was to receive four lashes only; for though Henrietta had sworn to whip her severely, she had not said what number of lashes she was to give her. Henrietta might have learnt from this not to take oaths without more consideration, and we are learnt the upright worth of Margaret's nature even at the age of six years, which I think was all she had then seen.

Light indeed may be thrown upon these pretensions, upon the character of Miss C——, and on the prejudices of society in Scotland during the last century, by the

following extract from a letter of that lady to her brother, already mentioned as a herald in the Lyon Office, 9 April, 1766:—"Now I come to the last request I have to make on you,—which is, as you would tender my safety, to make out a sort of sheet-of-paper tree of our father's family, taking the utmost care to connect us with the family of A——, making use of a younger branch of that illustrious House, and proceeding from Fergus the First, King of Scotland. Give also our grandfather the title of Fairfield or Freefield, I forget which, and let me have this as soon as you can,—let our grandfather C—— match in the family of Dumbalach, and let us be related somehow to Lord Lovat,—all which if you are truly good at birth-brieves, you can do with ease; but though it should be with un-ease, it must be done, as C—— of A—— and P——, who is boarded in the house with Lord Cummerland, St. Andrews, is to be at Balcarres, and is keen to know how I am of his family; and this account, since the very beginning of my being in the greater world, has stood me on many occasions in great stead. Lord Buchan, you know, never would have respected me, had I not persuaded him I was one of these C——s; and I could give you better instances of the importance such an account to show would be,—for instance, Lord Balcarres—who, by the bye, is crammed with family pride—cannot have any respect for a man, let his merit be what it will, unless he is of an old family,—I beg, for my Lord's sake, you would, in the account you make out, match some of our forbears (ancestors) with quality."

My mother had found her weeping and painting butterflies in the garret of a house where she lodged for a few days in Edinburgh. The mistress of it, who was her aunt, treated her with a severity which she said "was good for her proud little ridiculous niece,"—and Henrietta C——, indifferent about her good and bad treatment, wept because she was not placed (she said) in the sphere of life for which she was formed. She boasted that in her veins descended the blood of an old Highland chief—I forget who; pride had sailed down with the stream, and Henrietta reckoned herself more highly born than if she had been one of the House of Austria. She sang sweetly, wrote and worked well; my mother was amused with the variety of her uncultivated talents, and, as we are all fond of the discoveries we make ourselves, she formed the plan of carrying her to Balcarres in a sort of nondescript situation, till she saw how she liked her, and, if she did, to put into her hands, as governess, the care of the persons, manners, accomplishments, and morals of her daughters. At first Henrietta had her mess with my mother's maid in her own room,—tears flowed, she starved herself; and in order to make Henrietta happy, she was permitted to dine with the family. This indulgence was repaid by her teaching us such things for her own amusement as Margaret and I were then capable of learning. By degrees she rendered herself of use, while she maintained her independence. The ascendancy she acquired over the mind of Lady Balcarres, while bending to her in nothing, became evident, and my mother, satisfied that her project was ready to answer, proposed to her to accept the office directly, and a salary of twenty pounds per annum,—which, being all she could afford to give to a person possessing nothing, was not contemptible. This proposal nearly cost Henrietta her life,—she said it was "so haughty and unprovoked; as an act of friendship, she was ready to take care of us, but her soul spurned emolument." Three bottles of laudanum and some quieting draughts put matters to rights. Ill could my mother's spirit brook to make concessions, but she was obliged to do it, and Henrietta gained upon the whole more than twenty pounds per annum of consideration, together with a little pension of fifteen pounds from Government, which my father procured for her. Behold her then settled at Balcarres—the least little woman that ever was seen for nothing. Fantastic in her dress, and *naïve* in her manners beyond what was natural at her time of life, her countenance was pretty, her shape neat and nice; but in that casket was lodged more than Pandora's box contained, not only of sorrows and of ills to demolish mankind, but of powers of every kind, good as well as bad—powers of attaching, powers of injuring, powers of mind, powers of genius—magnanimity, obstinacy, prejudice, and occasionally enthusiastic devotion.

Thus does the lively Lady ANNE paint one

of her girlhood's friends, and consequently of the said governess's foes:

MISS SOPHY JOHNSTONE.

I scarce think that any system of education could have made this woman one of the fair sex. Nature seemed to have entered into the jest, and hesitated to the last whether to make her a boy or a girl. Her taste led her to hunt with her brothers, to wrestle with the stable-boys, and to saw wood with the carpenter. She worked well in iron, could shoe a horse quicker than the smith, made excellent trunks, played well on the fiddle, sung a man's song in a bass voice, and was by many people suspected of being one. She learned to write of the butler at her own request, and had a taste for reading, which she greatly improved. She was a droll ingenuous fellow; her talents for mimicry made her enemies, and the violence of her attachments to those she called her favourites secured her a few warm friends. She came to spend a few months with my mother soon after her marriage, and, at the time I am speaking of, had been with her thirteen years, making Balcarres her head-quarters, devoting herself to the youngest child, whichever it was, deserting him when he got into breeches, and regularly constant to no one but me. She had a little forge fitted up in her closet, to which I was very often invited. To see this masculine bravo equally considered with herself (Henrietta) by Lady Balcarres—nay, more, to see her endeavouring to undermine her in the affections of one of her pupils—was not to be borne. The other perceived this, and repaid her resentment with ridicule; and, young as I was, I saw enough of both to perceive, that though I could have easily soothed both, the only way to maintain a lasting peace was to make them think better of each other. Both I loved—but Henrietta best, because I felt that I owed her most.

It will be remembered that Lady ANNE was the authoress of that delicious ballad, "Auld Robin Gray," hence we may understand what was her own mild, amiable, feminine, and pensive character. Strange that her dearest friend should be such a coarse, rude, half-man as this Miss JOHNSTONE, of whom, however, we must give some further account:

My own good friend Miss Sophy Johnstone, having constantly declared that her attachment to us was such that she would never leave our family, although she was tormented beyond measure to share her time with others, and that she daily expected a letter from her first cousin, old General Cranville, who had been appointed Governor of Gibraltar, inviting her to go there with his wife, who was a dull formal woman of whom he was tired, and whom she had never seen, we had been constantly expecting the arrival of this letter; but as it never came, Margaret observed that it was a sad pity that Miss Johnstone could not have this letter and the pleasure of sacrificing this invitation to her love of us. The idea lighted the gas of my brains, and the letter was written in a moment with a good pen on a fine sheet of paper, and I returned myself member of parliament on the occasion. A formal unexceptionable invitation was sent to Miss Johnstone by Mrs. Cranville to accompany her and the General to Gibraltar,—with an assurance that a little forge should be fitted up for her in the garrison. We supposed she would send her refusal in a day or two, and meant to take measures to prevent her letter from being sent, as the village was close at hand. We proposed to thank her afterwards, and tell her the truth. The post arrived, and the letter was carried up to her room. We dined together,—not a word was said, but there seemed to be many cheerful hints passing to and fro amongst the seniors of the family. Margaret and I were leaving the room when the cloth was withdrawn, but Miss Johnstone in an encouraging tone bid us to stay. She said that we had sense and discretion above our years, and that she was not ashamed to call us into the council which she had been holding with her friends here on a letter that she had received from her good friend Mrs. Cranville,—putting my own letter into my hand. I trembled from head to foot. "Well," said I, when I had read it, "and you will answer this by saying that you will never leave us?"—"My dear child," said she, "I should wish to give that answer; but, to tell you the truth, I ought not. Though I am old, for I am now almost fifty, they are older, and very rich—I am

poor,"—(poor! Oh, what a poignard was in that word!)—"I am sensible of the advantages it might be of to me to be with them, and, however painful to me, I am not only resolved to accept of their invitation, but I have already sent off my letter doing so." Confounded by this, and afraid to speak, I laid down the letter, and Margaret and I disappeared, letting it be supposed that we were very sorry to lose her, but really in despair at what we had done. Nothing remained for it but instant confession. She had gone to her own room to settle the particulars of her wardrobe, given all her clothes to be mended, cut out the shape of her travelling trunk, ordered herself a new wig,—which she had never before confessed to wearing,—this fact, together with her poverty, we had wrung from this poor woman by our jest! We threw ourselves on our knees before her, and told her all. Never did I see anybody more cruelly disappointed, but her manly strong mind took it as a hero would the loss of his army. The lecture she read to us, and the internal groan I heard suppressed, were never afterwards erased from my memory. She did not lose in the end, for every attention was doubled, and Margaret and I at a small price purchased the invaluable experience of "never playing a trick to anybody."

Lady ANNE LINDSAY married a Mr. BARNARD, and thence the name by which she is known in the literary world. She went with her husband to the Cape of Good Hope, and her Journal there is delightful reading. We only wish we could find space for half of it, for this is not a work likely to be seen by many of our readers. We cannot, however, refuse one extract more :

CAPE SKETCHES.

We proceeded on from the bottom of the mountain in the Landrost's carriage to Mynheer Veh's, where we were to spend the night, the coachman driving eight horses in hand with as much facility as an English whip would have done a pair. We were received at the door of a respectable looking English farm-house by the good people themselves, whose manners were of a far more pleasing description than some others we had seen. The truth came out—Mynheer was an old Prussian soldier who had fought many a battle under Frederick, and had the liberality of thinking which a military life gives where a larger circle of the world has been gone over than that of Africa. But his size, and that of his wife, was immense! A number of boors also, who were beginning to get reconciled to the English government, came to wait on the "Secretarius" and the Landrost, partly from curiosity, partly from policy. Coffee and *sopies* (glasses of wine) were handed round all the afternoon, the gentlemen smoking their pipes by us, while the Vrow Veh sat, like charity, covered all over with mice, seven little black naked creatures climbing on her back, scrambling up her knees, while in each arm she held one, looking at it with a mother's fondness. . . .

The following morning Mynheer Veh carried us to see the orange-grove of his brother Latiga, who had planted it himself, and found it very productive. There indeed I saw the effects of cultivation displayed, for trees that had not been planted above thirty-six years were now above forty feet high, and so loaded with delicious ripe oranges, that he told me he had in the course of the last month sent twenty-seven loaded waggons to the Cape, at three dollars per hundred, and had as many more to send. I measured some of the trees, and found them nine feet in circumference. While the rest of the company walked on, I shook my head at the youngest daughter of the Landrost, who was eating so many that I feared it would make her ill. "No, no," said she to the Brabanta, "tell the Vrow Barnard I have only ate eleven." I counted the number on one of the small boughs, and there were forty—I never saw a gooseberry-bush so loaded. I asked Mynheer what he should do with them; he could not sell all. Mynheer replied, "he was distilling spirits from them, as an experiment,"—it was above proof, for strength. Barnard bought a cask of it, for which he paid eleven guineas. . . . We left this beautiful grove to Mynheer Alleng's, and the Landrost's family went home, promising to send us the lightest of his many carriages to Clapnutch, a military quarter, to which we might ride, and proceed in that carriage to Stellenbosch through the mountains. I

secretly intended to get up betimes, and pay a visit to my gigantic friends on the top of the Paarl, but a heavy fall of rain raised the bed of the river we had to cross so very high that we gave up the attempt; and perceiving that Mynheer Alleng longed prodigiously for me to take drawings of some of his horns, I could not do otherwise than indulge one who had been so hospitably civil to us. You will therefore find the virtuoso encircled as we found him, and perfectly resembling the man as he sat. His company had afforded much entertainment to Barnard, and not a little satisfaction when he found his own Dutch was understood by the man of *virtù*, as it proved his industry in endeavouring to acquire it had not been fruitless. My drawings, however, had made the vehicle of the Landrost wait too long. "Do not mind," said Barnard, laughing, "it is used to it—look at whose it lately was!"—How were we then entertained to find that the carriage in question was actually that of the old Duke of Queensbury, named "Old Q."—that weary *vis-à-vis* which had been in the habit of waiting for the last forty years at the door of Brookes' Club in St. James's-street! There was the ducal coronet, there were six horses to draw it (an apology from the Landrost for not being eight)—there was a Hottentot coachman, clad in his native charms—and well could he guide his beasts; but how a St. James's-street lounger would have laughed at our appointment!

Having access to the work itself, only by favour of a loan, we are compelled to take our specimens of it from among those adduced by our various contemporaries. But they fairly exhibit its characteristics.

Correspondence of Schiller with Körner, with Biographical Sketches and Notes. By LEONARD SIMPSON, Esq. London: Bentley.

OR SCHILLER'S life less is known than of any man of modern times of equal celebrity. CARLISLE and BULWER have endeavoured to trace it, and each was a masterly work in its way, but both were essays and not biographies,—neither of them introduced us to the mind and inner life of the poet. They wanted the material; there were no revelations of himself save such as his printed works afford.

This *hiatus* has been partially supplied by the volume before us. It presents a picture of the poet's life at a period when he was escaping from military rule to the freedom of thought and action essential to his existence. He had fled from the power of a tyrant and was at peace with himself.

In June, 1784, he received an anonymous letter, which ran thus:

LEIPZIG, June, 1784.—In an age when art degrades itself more and more, and becomes the slave of rich and powerful sensualists, it is well that a great man comes forward and shows what human nature is still capable of. The better portion of mankind, weary of their fellow-men, and yearning for something great amid the turmoil of the depraved beings who surround them, assuage their thirst, feel an impulse which raises them above their fellows, and gather courage to continue on the path which leads to a worthy goal. Then they feel the wish to press the hand of their benefactor, to show him their tears of joy and enthusiasm, in order that he also may find strength, should he ever be harassed by the doubt whether the men of his generation were worthy of his labours. This was the reason why I and three other persons, all worthy of reading your works, have jointly written to express to you our thanks and our admiration of you. To prove that I have understood you, I have endeavoured to set one of your songs to music. When I shall have shown you that though in a different art, I also belong to the salt of the earth, it will then be high time to mention my name. For the present it is of no moment.

KÖRNER, the father of the poet, was the writer of this epistle. Portraits were sent with it. But some months elapsed before

SCHILLER replied, and then he expressed much self-reproach at his neglect :

Your letters (he says) which caused me the greatest pleasure, and which afforded me one of the brightest hours of my existence, reached me at a moment when my heart was suffering from sadness, the cause of which I cannot explain in a letter. The state of my mind was not one in which I should have liked to place myself before persons such as I esteem you. Unhappy distractions which make my heart bleed when I recall them, caused me to postpone from day to day my intention of writing to you. Chance, a lovely sunset, recalled you to my mind, and brought my negligence before me.

The correspondence thus begun was continued until his death, and reveals the entire man and all his mental history. It is, therefore, of surpassing interest, and we only regret that, the volume being a borrowed one, we cannot make it so fully known to our readers as its merits deserve. But this notice, short as it is, will suffice for its introduction, and we take two short passages only, the first a reply by KÖRNER to some desponding remarks which had been addressed to him by SCHILLER:

A few words to begin with on your ideas of literary activity, which to my astonishment are mighty prosaic. If this is a result of Weimar cultivation I can't say that it has done you a kind turn. I easily understand that petty poets abound there in shoals, and that the good folks there think it well and wise to preach steadiness, utility, an assured income, &c.; and that by degrees persons get so used to them as to look upon them as samples of reason, and to regard those who differ from them as young, silly, or romantic. Added to this, perhaps men of undoubted talent, from pusillanimity or affected modesty, speak ill of their own practical productions, and make them subordinate to some—Heaven knows what—more useful occupation. But that such pitiful arguments should have an influence upon you, I cannot understand. One step more and I shall find you bewailing the fact that you are living to pamper the leisure hours of other men, and you will not dare to look a biscuit baker in the face. Are there no traces left of these ideas on the calling, the vocation of a poet on which we once agreed? Will you allow yourself to be made a cat's paw in the hands of other men, when your mission is to soar above others? Do you doubt the effect of your previous productions, because they do not speak loud enough to overpower the cold-blooded judgment of the men in the midst of whom you live? The despondency of your letter grieves me. You must wrestle with it manfully, and when you have discovered the cause it will vanish. We wish you all good spirits and confidence in yourself. There are many who love you more than you are aware of. You overlook, perhaps, their professions of friendship, or do not place yourself in their position.

The others contain some advice tendered by the same sensible and sincere friend in reply to these observations of the poet: "I want a set standard of comfort, that I may be able thereby to appreciate other pleasures. Friendship, the arts, the beautiful, the true, will all have more effect upon me when an uninterrupted course of domestic bliss shall have prepared me for them." This was in anticipation of his marriage, to which KÖRNER replied:

As regards the present state of your feelings, I can explain it thus: your joys are always accompanied by excitement. In the first moments of excitement your imagination overstrains itself. The result is languor and disappointment, especially if your hopes are not realised. Then you are less open to lesser joys, you feel a sort of disgust, and endeavour to account for it by attributing it to your external circumstances. But the cause of it exists within yourself. The intensity of your enjoyments must compensate for their rarity. The sudden and contrasting changes within you, will gradually become less frequent as your imagination becomes more steady. As yet they are inseparable from your talents. First exhaust all the enjoyments that your talent can procure you, and in a few years you will settle

down of your own accord to a state of peace and tranquillity, which will allow you to enjoy the lesser pleasures of life. But till then I cannot counsel you to marry. The rapid transitions from joy to despondency would still remain; and some kind creature, whom you would have bound to you, would suffer with you.

Thirteen Letters from Sir Isaac Newton, Representative in Parliament of the University of Cambridge, to John Covel, D.D., Vice-Chancellor, Master of Christ's College. From the original Manuscripts in the Library of Dawson Turner, Esq.

MR. DAWSON TURNER is the possessor of a large collection of papers which are known to the literary world by the title of the Mauro Manuscripts. Among them are a mass of correspondence which Dr. JOHN COVEL, the author of the *History of the Greek Church*, maintained with the most distinguished men of his time. Mr. DAWSON TURNER once contemplated the publication of an extensive selection from these curious papers, but he deferred the fulfilment of his purpose until he came to fear that it would not answer as a speculation, and in lieu of such a work he has taken only the letters of Sir ISAAC NEWTON, thirteen in number, and given them to the world in print. Of these interesting documents he thus speaks in the preface :

Carefully and zealously as "every hole and corner" has been ransacked, to detect whatever came from the pen of our great philosopher, or might illustrate his history or his studies, these letters, I have every reason to believe, have hitherto escaped the search. I am equally mistaken and misinformed if they are not the only records left us of his senatorial life, and if they do not derive from that circumstance a considerable additional interest. Their date ranges from Dec. 15, 1688, to the same day of the following May. It was in the January of 1688-9 that Sir Isaac, then Mr. Newton, first entered Parliament, having been returned as representative of the University of Cambridge, in conjunction with Sir Robert Sawyer. For so high a distinction he appears to have been greatly indebted to the part he had taken shortly before in opposition to the wishes of the court, then intent upon bringing the church of England once more under subjection to that of Rome. The king had sent his mandamus to the university, commanding them to confer the degree of master of arts upon Father Francis, a Benedictine monk, and to annex the accompanying privileges, without requiring him to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. Obedience was refused, and the monarch was enraged: he repeated his commands, and accompanied them with threats, which were met with undaunted firmness; and "high words to words succeeding still," the Vice-Chancellor was summoned before the Ecclesiastical Commission to answer for this act of contempt. He accordingly appeared, attended by nine delegates, of whom Newton was one; the question was argued in the high court, and the king abandoned his pretensions. Notwithstanding, however, the popularity thus acquired, and that derived from his wide-spread fame, it was only by a majority of five votes that the philosopher carried his election. Most short, too, was his legislative career; for on the dissolution of the Convention Parliament, in the March of the succeeding year, both he and his colleague were ejected.

We are already in possession of ample details of NEWTON's career as a philosopher, and of his opinions as a theologian; but of his political life nothing is known. The revelations of these letters will, therefore, be a positive addition to the biographical reminiscences of the philosopher, and supply an *hiatus* in his history. It must be premised that his correspondent, Dr. COVEL, was Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, by which NEWTON was chosen representative on the 17th of January, 1688-9. At that period the throne was occupied by

WILLIAM of Orange and MARY, JAMES having just become an exile, and consequently party spirit was at a fearful height. About a month after he had taken his seat, NEWTON thus addressed the Doctor :

Rev. Sir.—The King and Queen being proclaimed here yesterday, I presume you will soon receive an order for proclaiming them at Cambridge. I have enclosed the form of the proclamation. I could wish heartily that the university would so compose themselves as to perform ye solemnity with a seasonable decorum; because I take it to be their interest to set ye best face upon things they can, after ye example of ye London divines. I am of opinion that degrees be not given till you are authorized to administer the new oaths. Whether that will be speedily done by authority of their Majesties and ye convention, or after ye convention is turned to a parliament, I cannot yet resolve you. The oath of supremacy, as you administer it imperfectly in Latin, ought to be omitted, and both ye new oaths administered in English. You will see these oaths in ye end of the declaration I have enclosed this post in a letter to Dr. Beaumont.—Sir, I am your most humble servant, ISAAC NEWTON.—London, Feb. 12, 1688-9.

Soon afterwards the news came that they had been proclaimed also at Cambridge, upon which NEWTON again addressed an argumentative epistle to his friend :

Sir,—I have had an account of the solemnity of the proclamation, and I am glad to understand it was performed with so much decency by the wiser and more considerable part of the university, and generosity on your part. The next thing is a book of verses. If you do it at all, the sooner the better. Concerning the new oaths which you are to administer, I need not give instructions to you about their legality. But because many persons of less understanding (whom it may be difficult to persuade) will scruple at them, I will add my thoughts to yours, that you may have the fuller argument for convincing them. If I can add anything to what you have not thought of; for seeing these oaths are the main thing that the dissatisfied part of the university scruple, I think I cannot do the university better service at present than by removing the scruples of as many as have sense enough to be convinced with reason. The argument I lay down in the following propositions:

1. Fidelity and allegiance sworn to the king is only such a fidelity and obedience as is due to him by the law of the land; for were that faith and allegiance more than what the law requires, we should swear ourselves slaves, and the king absolute; whereas, by the law, we are free men, notwithstanding those oaths.

2. When, therefore, the obligation by the law to fidelity and allegiance ceases, that by the oath also ceases; for might allegiance be due by the oath to one person, whilst by the law it ceases to him and becomes due to another, the oath might oblige men to transgress the law and become rebels or traitors; whereas the oath is a part of the law, and therefore ought to be so interpreted as may consist with it.

3. Fidelity and allegiance are due by the law to King William, and not to King James. For the statute of 25 Edward III., which defined all treasons against the king, and is the only statute to that purpose, by the king understands not only a king de jure, and de facto, but also a king de facto, though not de jure against whom those treasons lie. Whence the Lord Chief Justice Hales, in his Pleas of the Crown, page 12, discourses of that statute, tells us that a king de facto and not de jure, is a king within that act, and that treason against him is punishable, though the right heir get the crown. And that this has been the constant sense of the law, Sir Robert Sawyer also, upon my asking him about it, has assured me. And accordingly, by another statute in the first of Henry VII., 'tis declared treason to be in arms against a king de facto (such as was Richard the Third), though it be in behalf of king de jure. So then by the law of the land all things are treason against King William, which have been treason against former kings; and therefore the same fidelity, obedience, and allegiance which was due to them is due to him, and by consequence may be sworn to him by the law of the land. Allegiance and protection are always mutual; and, therefore, when King James ceased

to protect us, we ceased to owe him allegiance by the law of the land. And, when King William began to protect us, we began to owe allegiance to him.

These considerations are in my opinion sufficient to remove the grand scruple about the oaths. If the dissatisfied party accuse the Convention for making the Prince of Orange king, it is not my duty to judge those above me; and therefore I shall only say that, if they have done ill, "Quod fieri non debuit, factū valet." And those at Cambridge ought not to judge and censure their superiors, but to obey and honour them according to the law and the doctrine of passive obedience.

Yesterday the bill for declaring the Convention a Parliament was read the second time and committed. The committee have not yet finished their amendments to it. There is no doubt but it will pass. I am, in haste, your most humble servant, ISAAC NEWTON.—London, Feb. 21, 1688-9.

The question of subscription to oaths was as stoutly contested, and produced as much perplexity and difference of opinion then as it has done lately. Thus does Sir ISAAC discuss one of these knotty points :

Honoured Sir,—Being confined to my chamber by a cold and bastard pleurisy, I shall have no opportunity of conferring with Sir Robert Sawyer so soon as you desire, and therefore have sent you an answer apart, and sent your letter to him to answer it as soon as he can. The declaration to be subscribed is not the latter part of the second new oath, but the declaration mentioned page 195 in the new act for imposing these oaths, and contained at large in the act of the 30th of King Charles the Second. This is to be understood of those who take degrees, and come into new preferments of mastership, fellowship, and scholarships; for those already preferred are only to take the two new oaths without making and subscribing the declaration. By repeating the declaration is meant repeating it after the officer who readeth it. These words, "that I will conform to the Liturgy of the Church of England, as it is now by law established," are still in force, and must be subscribed as before. I would advise you to admit no more swearing by proxy. For it is not swearing in the sense of that law which imposes the oaths, and by which you must be judged. Nor is the law to be broken for the convenience of commenders; especially since it may prove as much to your inconvenience, should you be called to account for breaking it, as to theirs for you to keep it.—I am, Sir, your most humble servant, Is. NEWTON.—May 10, 1689.

And he and his colleague appear to have been called upon to give a formal opinion upon some matters of conscience, as if they had been lawyers. As thus :

Honoured Sir,—In answer to the questions you desire satisfaction in, we are of opinion, and see the course and practice is, that the oaths are not to be subscribed, only the declaration being faire writ in a parchment roll or booke, and after the persons have audibly repeated it, they subscribe their names. It is fit as a memorall of those taking the oaths and of their repeating the declaration, that a memorandum bee entered upon the roll or booke of the subscribers taking the oaths and repeating the declaration, with the time when. And this, for your self, and the masters of colleges and halls, proctors, and beadle, is to be done publickly in convocation, before the senior masters there present. All commenders are to take the oaths and subscribe the declaration before your selfe in the Congregation House; and persons already promoted to any degree within the University, which are neither fellows or scholars of any hall or collegue, are to do it before the Vice-chancellor in the Congregation House. The fellows and scholars of any hall or collegue, under the degree of a baron, before the master or provost of the hall and collegue; where likewise the subscription is only to the declaration, but fit to make the like memorandum upon the booke or roll to be kept by the respective collegues and halls. The law to which the late act refers to is 7 Jac. cap. 6, not 3 Jac., as you are pleased to mention. We are of opinion that, where persons are already under several capacities, once taking of the oaths in the place of their abodes, and subscribing the declaration before 1st August, is sufficient to exempt them out of the penalties of the act. You are no wayes obliged to cite the heads; for both you and they are to take the oaths be-

fore the senior masters in convocation, which word the statute useth, but I suppose with you is called congregation : and it will bee incumbent on the heads to attend some congregation before the 1st of August; but, to prevent all exception, it may not bee amiss to hold a congregation a day or two before the 1st of August.—
R. SAWYER, IS. NEWTON.

This ROBERT SAWYER, NEWTON's colleague, had been Attorney-General, and was expelled the Parliament in 1689 for the share he had taken in the course of his official duties in the trial and execution of Sir THOMAS ARMSTRONG.

Life of Sir Thomas Munro. By the Rev. G. R. GLEIG, M.A., Chaplain-General of the Forces. A New Edition, revised and condensed from the Larger Biography. London : Murray. 1849.

GLEIG'S Life of Sir THOMAS MUNRO is already well known to the reading world. The author's portion of the present edition, which forms a volume of the *Home and Colonial Library*, has been nearly re-written, the military details have been condensed, and some matters of little interest to the general reader have been omitted from the correspondence. The work has thus been improved as well as abridged, and now forms one handsome, cheap, and portable volume.

It is not our custom, generally speaking, to bestow a long notice upon works which have passed through several editions, but in the present instance we shall transgress our rule, thinking that a slight sketch of the life of this eminent Anglo-Indian, may not be unacceptable to such among our readers as may not possess leisure to read the work itself, while it may tempt others to a perusal of its interesting pages, and to a closer study of the character of the able and upright man who forms the subject of the memoir.

THOMAS MUNRO was the second son of a respectable merchant in Glasgow, and was born in that city on the 27th of May, 1761. In early childhood he suffered severely from an attack of measles, which brought on a partial deafness, by which he was afflicted during the remainder of his life. It is to be regretted that there are no anecdotes extant of this earliest portion of his life, as it is always interesting and instructive to contemplate the childhood of a great man—to view fruit, of growth so luxuriant, in the blossom and the bud. He was educated in his native city, passing from a rudimentary English school to the High School of his native city, where the foundation of a classical education was laid. At thirteen, he was entered at college, where he remained for three years. Here, we are told, his favourite pursuits were mathematics and chemistry. We transcribe Mr. GLEIG's account of his school and college days, and of the characteristic activity, energy, and perseverance, which in his habits and pursuits already began to manifest themselves. At college, he tells us :

He made himself distinguished, as indeed he had been at school, for his expertness in all athletic sports; from which the art of leaping must not be omitted. He was a tall, robust, and somewhat awkward-looking lad; indifferent rather than otherwise to the niceties of costume and manners; but his disposition was manly, his heart good, and his forbearance and powers of self-denial remarkable. It is said of him, that he, the best fighter of his years, never engaged in a pugilistic encounter, except when provoked beyond endurance, or roused to defend the weak against the strong. Such a boy never fails to become a favourite with his companions; and Sir Thomas Munro is described in old letters which lie before

me, as having been so to a more than ordinary degree. Though fond of out-of-door sports, especially fishing and swimming, young Munro's thirst of knowledge and consequent devotion to books was always great. His reading, apart from the course prescribed by the professors, seems indeed to have been of a very desultory kind. But desultory reading, when the student turns to it as a relaxation from graver pursuits, often proves in the end to have been as influential in the formation of character as any or all of the lessons communicated to the distinguished man in his youth. Sir Thomas Munro's career seems to justify this opinion to a very considerable extent. His first favourites at school were "Robinson Crusoe," "The Lives of the Buccaneers," "Anson's Voyages," and such like. To these succeeded "Plutarch's Lives," "The Life of Frederick the Great," "Roderick Random," "Spenser's Faery Queen," "Shakspeare," "Smith's Wealth of Nations," "Hudibras," and "Don Quixote." "Smith's Wealth of Nations" was then, as it deserved to be, in high estimation everywhere, particularly among the pupils of the university where the author taught. We cannot, therefore, be surprised to find that a lad of Munro's reflective turn of mind plunged into it with eagerness. But his dealing with the great work of Cervantes appears to be still more characteristic. Having been told that only they who understood Spanish could relish fully the beauties of Don Quixote, Munro bent himself, with such assistance as a grammar and dictionary could afford, to acquire that language. Many a morning before dawn, many an hour he stole from recreation in the open air, in order to accomplish his task ; and he succeeded. Moreover, success in this instance brought with it tokens of the value of mental labour, such as are not always afforded, even in a wider field. There arrived in the Clyde a prize, which one of the letters of marque, or privateers, fitted out at that period by many mercantile houses, had captured. She contained several Spanish papers, which nobody connected with the firm could read or understand. They were given to young Munro, who translated them faithfully; and as they happened to contain some information which was likely to prove important, the partners marked their sense of his services by presenting him with a bank post-bill. The happy lad gave it immediately to his mother.

The bent of the young man's inclination seems to have been towards a military life: but it was his father's wish that he should enter into commerce, and accordingly, when a lieutenant's commission was offered him by the corporation of Glasgow, induced by a sense of filial duty, he obeyed the desire of the latter and declined it. He laboured assiduously for some time as clerk in a counting-house. But destiny did not design him for a Glasgow merchant, and a reverse of fortune was appointed by Providence to be the first instrument in promoting his future greatness. Mr. MUNRO's affairs, which during the progress of the American war,—his trade being chiefly with Virginia,—had been becoming more and more embarrassed, were at last by the Act of Confiscation passed by the Congress of the United States, rendered desperate. He was reduced to bankruptcy. Unable to support his son at home, he obtained for him a midshipman's berth in the East India Company's mercantile marine. Naturally distasteful to the young man as was a seafaring life, the spirit of independence and the self-command which, as we have seen, he already possessed, decided him at once to accept cheerfully what seemed the only means of self-support likely to offer. But a more congenial career was shortly opened to him. He was already at Deptford, on board the vessel to which he had been appointed, when he received the welcome intelligence that his midshipman's rating had been exchanged for a cadet's warrant, and that he was only to consider himself a passenger to Madras.

The drawback to this piece of good fortune was the utter want of funds to defray the expenses of his passage. But MUNRO, with the

characteristic vigour and nobleness of a superior mind, applied for, and obtained permission to work his way to India as a man before the mast. It has been stated that before the termination of the voyage, he was relieved by the generosity of some of the passengers from the duties he had undertaken; but the truth of this statement does not seem certain. The true sense of right and the energetic mastery of circumstances displayed by the young cadet on this occasion gave earnest of the important and honourable career which was to follow.

We have heard that it is difficult under most circumstances for a young man to avoid getting into debt on first landing in India. This difficulty seems to have been even greater than usual in the case of young MUNRO. He thus describes his allowances, and the rate of his expenditure :

Cadets here are allowed either five pagodas per month, or ten pagodas, and find their own lodging: all the cadets follow the first way. Of the five pagodas, I pay two to a Dubash, one to the servants of the mess, and one for hair-dressing and washing, so that I have one pagoda a month to feed and cloth me.

On landing at Madras, he fell into the hands of a native sharper, who robbed him of his spare cash and nearly all his clothes. He writes to his mother :

This unexpected blow prevented me from stirring out above twice or thrice in a week for several months after. On these days I sallied forth in a clean suit, and visited all my friends. After Dr. Koenig came to live with Mr. Ross, I spent the greatest part of my time at his house, amusing myself with shells and flowers; but before that I employed it differently. I rose early in the morning to review my clothes; after having determined whether shirt No. 3 or 4 was best, I worked at my needle till breakfast. When it was over, I examined the cook's accounts, and gave orders about dinner: I generally read the rest of the day till evening, when I mounted to the top of the house to observe the stars I had been reading of during the day in Ferguson's Astronomy. When I had finished this book, I diverted myself in a different manner in my evening walks. After considering the matter for several nights, I at last resolved that my country-house should be near Loch Lomond, and that Erskine should be my housekeeper. I rose early in the morning to work in my garden, or if I was lazy, I read Justin, and gave the gardener directions. I then sent five or six messages for my sister to come down and make breakfast. After making an apology for disturbing her repose, I went to fish in the Loch, or in the stream that winded through my garden and woods, or read a book under a tree in some retired walk. But when I was called down to supper, I did not see anything of the plenty of my country-house. With all my economy, it was near six months before I could save enough money to buy me a few suits of linen. I did not then to ask any of Mr. R. and Mr. K. did not seem disposed to give me any assistance till I should leave Madras; but Mr. R. wishing to get me appointed to join the detachment under Colonel Baillie, I continued in Madras, making application for this purpose, till Hyder entered the Carnatic, when I joined the army in the field.

The cheerful and manly tone, the entire absence of anything like a murmur with which he relates his privations, and the natural unaffected manner, and the freedom from false shame, with which he details his economical contrivances, bespeak a character at once amiable, sensible, and vigorous. There is a touch of humour, too, in his account of his day dream—in itself so natural, so characteristic of a young man possessed of intelligence and goodness of heart. Interesting also is his description of his daily employments. Everything is to be expected from a young man who can thus regulate his time and his mind, and adapt himself to the exigencies of his situation

Young MUNRO, with as much truth as any man, might have said,—

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

Mr. MUNRO remained in the field till the cessation of hostilities with France in 1780, a period of three years, and during that time was personally engaged in almost all the military affairs of any importance. His conduct in the subordinate situation he occupied gave such satisfaction that, in 1781, he received the appointment of quarter-master of brigade to the left division of the army, and acted in the several battles of Cuddalore in June, 1783, as aide-de-camp to the officer who commanded the centre attack. Mr. GLEIG inserts a letter addressed by MUNRO to his father, giving an account of the progress and events of the war, which displays at once quick observation, clear practical mastery of the subjects, and uncommon soundness of judgment in criticising the proceedings of those around him. The subjects are, however, not such as are likely to prove interesting to the general reader, except as their treatment tends to elucidate the talents of the writer; and to these it would be impossible to do justice without extracting the letter entire, which would occupy almost as much space as we have to devote to the entire article. We content ourselves with assuring the reader, in the words of Mr. GLEIG, that "it is a very remarkable narrative to have proceeded from the pen of a subaltern in his first campaign."

We make a few short extracts from his more personal correspondence, which abundantly testify to the goodness of his heart, and the strength of his domestic affections, while they show a tendency towards good-humoured railing, which would appear to have been one of the features of his mental physiognomy.

He writes to his mother in these terms:—

I have been long impatiently expecting to hear from you. Every fleet I imagined would bring me a letter from, at least, one member of the family; but, though several ships have arrived, they have brought not one single line for me. Your mentioning in your letter of October, 1779, my father's disappointment in London, with your hopes of his having gained some friends who might be of service to him hereafter, makes me extremely anxious to know if your expectations have been answered. Two years is a long time to remain in uncertainty of your situation. When I have found myself here at my ease, I have often reflected how very different the case might be with you, and the thought has given me more pain than any disappointment that could possibly happen to me here would do.

The next is from a letter to a younger brother, written throughout in the spirit of banter, to which we have alluded:—

You demand an account of the East Indies, the Mogul's dominions, and Muxadabad; but I shall be cautious how I submit it to your inspection till it is properly digested, especially as I am advised by you of a circumstance of which I was before ignorant, that Muxadabad is more populous than London. I imagine when you made the above requisition, you did it with a view rather to try my knowledge than to increase your own; for your great skill in geography would point out to you that Muxadabad is as far from Madras as Constantinople is from Glasgow; you will, therefore, I hope, favour me with a description of the Turk and his capital. I am sorry to learn that your Spanish drove out the French, and went after them. With proper respect and due decorum, I am, profound Sir, your admirer,

THOMAS MUNRO.

The following occurs in a letter to his sister:—

I have heard it frequently observed that most men, by a few years' absence from their native country, become estranged from their old acquaintances, and look back with indifference on the scenes of their earlier

years. I have never yet been able to divest myself of a partiality for home; nor can I now reflect without regret on the careless indolent life I led in my father's house, when time fled away undisturbed by those thoughts which possess every one who seeks earnestly for advancement in the world. I often see my father busied with his tulip beds, and my mother with her myrtle pots; I see you dressing, and James lost in meditation; and all these things seem as much present to me as they did when I was amongst you. Sometimes, when I walk on the sea shore, I look across the waves and please myself by fancying that I see a distant continent among the clouds, where I imagine you all to be.

Mr. MUNRO's staff-duties ending with the close of the campaign, he rejoined his regiment at Madras. In 1785 he was removed to Tanjore, where he remained till 1786, when he was promoted to a lieutenancy, and attached to the European regiment at Madras. Immediately on his return to this place, he applied himself, with his characteristic industry, to the study of the native languages, having early perceived the absurdity of governing a people, as was then the case with the subjects of Great Britain in the East, by means of functionaries who could communicate with them only by means of an interpreter. To promote the progress of his studies, he solicited a removal into the eleventh battalion of native infantry, then quartered near Vizagapatam. In 1787, another transfer to his original corps removed him to Vellore. In the following year, on account of the notice his acquirements had attracted, he was placed on the general staff of the army, and became associated with Captain Read, in what was called the Intelligence department.

A letter addressed to a correspondent in Glasgow, evinces the progress he had made in his studies. It displays great literary merit, and the strictures it contains would do honour to many a professional critic. We have only room for a brief extract:—

I have been for some years past amusing or rather plaguing myself with the Hindostane and Persian languages. I began the study of them in the hopes of their becoming one day of use to me, and I was encouraged to go on by the wonderful relations given by Messrs. Smith and Richardson, and others of the magazines, of the useful and the agreeable concealed in the Oriental manuscripts. I have been unlucky enough not to have found yet any of these treasures; but I have found, at least, I think so, that those gentlemen have been rather lavish in their encomiums. They have pronounced a number of books to be eloquent, beautiful, and sublime; and they have supported the old opinion that fancy abounds more in the East than in the West. This doctrine may be very well adapted to those people who imagine that a writer who frequently introduces the sun and the moon, and roses and nightingales, must be a very great and fanciful genius; and to those writers who attribute the fertility of Oriental imagination to the heat of the sun—who conceive it to be expanded by that luminary in the same manner as air—and that, in tropical climes, the unfortunate owner is hurried away by it, sometimes above the clouds, and sometimes into the sea, as if he were tied to Major Money's balloon. . . . Their histories since the eighth century are faithful; but are written in a dull heavy style, like the genealogical chapters in the Bible. They contain but two descriptions of men—the good and the bad. The former are, without exception, as strong as elephants, as brave as Alexander, and as wise as Solomon: the latter oppressed their subjects, despised men of letters, and are gone to hell. But, of all their writings, none are more ridiculous than their letters. They are composed of wise sayings, allusive hints, broken sentences, and the blessing of God, without which, they observe, nothing can be done—of the most high-flown expressions of friendship or fidelity, and the most extravagant complaints of the pain and torment of absence.

Mr. MUNRO had lived from the first upon

his pay, transmitting regularly his extra allowances to his parents. It was in 1785, while at Tanjore, that his circumstances first enabled him, in conjunction with one of his brothers, to think of settling an annuity on his parents. He writes:—"Alexander and I have agreed to remit to my father a hundred a year between us. If the arrears which Lord Macartney detained are paid, I will send 200*l.* in the course of the year 1786. John Napier will tell you the reason why it was not in my power to send more." The following extract from a letter to his sister will show the style of Mr. MUNRO's living, and give an idea of the scale of his expenditure at the time that he was thus generously conducting himself towards his family at home, while the *manner* in which it is written is eminently characteristic. It is dated Madras, January, 1789:—

Not a scrap from you for almost two years; but my father, by sending me your fragment upon Old Maids, has taken care to let me see that you are taken up with matters nearer home than writing letters to me. Since reading this poem, I have often wished that you were transported for a few hours to my room, to be cured of your Western notions of Eastern luxury, to witness the forlorn condition of old bachelor Indian officers; and to give them also some comfort in a consolatory fragment. You seem to think they live like those satrapes you have read of in plays; and that I, in particular, hold my state in prodigious splendour and magnificence—that I never go abroad unless upon an elephant, surrounded with a crowd of slaves—that I am arrayed in silken robes, and that most of my time is spent in reclining on a sofa, listening to soft music, while I am fauned by my officious pages; or, in dreaming, like Richard, under a canopy of state. But while you rejoice in my imaginary greatness, I am most likely stretched on a mat, instead of my real couch, and walking in an old coat and a ragged shirt, in the noonday sun, instead of looking down from my elephant, invested in my royal garments. You may not believe me when I tell you that I never experienced hunger or thirst, fatigue or poverty, till I came to India; but since then I have frequently met with the first three, and that the last has been my constant companion. If you wish proofs, here they are:—I was three years in India before I was master of any other pillow than a book or a cartridge pouch; my bed was a piece of canvas stretched on four cross sticks, whose only ornament was the great coat I brought from England, which, by a lucky invention, I turned into a blanket in the cold weather, by thrusting my legs into the sleeves, and drawing the skirts over my head. In this situation I lay, like Falstaff in the basket—hilt to point—and very comfortable, I assure you, all but my feet; for the tailor, not having foreseen the various uses to which this piece of dress might be applied, had cut the cloth so short, that I never could, with all my ingenuity, bring both ends under cover; whatever I gained by drawing up my legs, I lost by exposing my neck; and I generally chose to cool rather my heels than my head. This bed served me till Alexander went last to Bengal, when he gave me an European camp-couch. On this great occasion I bought a pillow and a carpet to lay under me, but the unfortunate curtains were condemned to make pillow cases and towels; and now, for the first time since I came to India, I laid my head on a pillow. But this was too much good fortune to bear with moderation; I began to grow proud, and resolved to live in great style; for this purpose I bought two table spoons, and two tea spoons, and another chair—for I had but one before—a table, and two table cloths. But my prosperity was of short duration, for in less than three months I lost three of my spoons, and one of my chairs was broken by one of John Napier's companions. This great blow reduced me to my original obscurity, from which all my attempts to emerge have hitherto proved in vain. My dress has not been more splendid than my furniture. I have never been able to keep it all of a piece; it grows tattered in one quarter, while I am establishing funds to repair it in another; and my coat is in danger of losing the sleeves, while I am pulling it off to try on a new waistcoat. My travelling expeditions have never been performed with much grandeur or ease. My only

conveyance is an old horse, who is now so weak, that, in all my journeys, I am always obliged to walk two-thirds of the way; and if he were to die, I would give my kingdom for another, and find nobody to accept of the offer. Till I came here I hardly knew what walking was. I have often walked from sunrise to sunset without any other refreshment than a drink of water; and I have traversed, on foot, in different directions, almost every part of the country between Vizagapatam and Madura, a distance of 800 miles.

The breaking out of the war with Tippoo—the successor of HYDER ALLY, followed shortly upon the date of the letter from which we have made the above extract. It extended, as is well-known, over two campaigns, at the conclusion of the second of which, Lord CORNWALLIS was enabled to dictate his own terms of peace under the walls of Seringapatam. With these, MUNRO was dissatisfied. In his opinion it was the sounder policy to crush entirely the power of the sovereign of Mysore, while the idea of the government to that hour in India was, on the contrary, that it ought to be preserved as a barrier between the English and the Mahrattas. According to MUNRO, this was, however, "to support a powerful and ambitious enemy to defend us from a weaker one." During the war, MR. MUNRO, having solicited permission to abandon his post at Amloor, joined his regiment, the 21st battalion of Native Infantry, and served under the command of Colonel MAXWELL.

In April 1792, MR. MUNRO was attached to the Civil Service, and appointed as Assistant to Colonel Read in administering the Company's affairs in the Baramahl—a delicate charge, on account of the character of the people, and the effects of the war which had so lately been waged among them. He owed this appointment to his acquaintance with the native languages, an absolute requisite for the situation he was called upon to fill, and of which all the civil servants of the Company at Madras, were then ignorant. MR. MUNRO remained in the Baramahl till 1799, his labours for the general advantage of the country and the regulation of the financial department, being throughout attended with success. Many letters are addressed by him from different parts of that district to his various correspondents. Our next extract is from one to his mother, and bears witness to his fondness for certain pastimes and active amusements which ever continued to characterize his taste while it gives some notion of his way of living in the Baramahl:—

I often wish that some of those dreamers who prate so much about the pleasures of retirement, were in my place; for to me, life without society, is a heavy task. I long for company, not merely for the sake of conversation, but also to amuse myself with, being rich. For I would rather play fives or billiards, or make a party to go up a hill, or to swim, than read the finest composition of human genius, or pass a classical night with the whole of the Royal Society in full college. I however, still like reading, and the company of those whom I suppose to be men either of taste or knowledge, as much as ever; but, without recreations of a lighter kind, I should soon lose all relish for both. Were I by chance thrown into a situation where it was necessary to relinquish either sport or study, I should without hesitation give up study. It is impossible to express the strong passion which I still retain, or which has rather continued to grow upon me for fives, swimming, and every sport I was fond of at school. I remember I left Casinocottali about eight years ago on account of the danger of hill-fevers, but a stronger reason was, that I could not live without playing fives. . . . Where I am now, I have no choice of study or amusement. I go from village to village, with my tent, settling the rent of the inhabitants; this is so tedious and teasing a business, that it leaves room for nothing else,—for I

have no hour in the day that I can call my own. At this moment, while I am writing, there are a dozen of people talking round me. It is now twelve o'clock, and they have been coming and going in parties ever since seven in the morning, when I began this letter. They have frequently interrupted me for an hour at a time.

In 1799, broke out the second and decisive war with Tippoo—terminating in the death of that sovereign, the capture of his capital city, and the downfall of his empire. Captain MUNRO was not attached to either of the two large bodies of troops employed upon this occasion; but accompanied an independent corps under Colonel READ, which was charged with the supply of the main body, commanded by Colonel HARRIS. He was not, therefore, present at the siege and capture of Seringapatam. He did not arrive at that city till six days after its fall. Immediately after his arrival, he was appointed Secretary to the Commission, charged with the settlement of Mysore, and served for a short interval in that capacity. But a more difficult and disagreeable task was in store for him. He was appointed to the political and financial charge of Canara, one of the districts assigned to the English on the disruption of the empire of HYDER ALLY. It is described as "a wild and inhospitable region which, stretching along the western coast from the twelfth to the fifteenth degree of north latitude, contained an extent of about 7,380 square miles of bleak and barren surface." The moral character of the inhabitants was quite in unison with the natural features of this delectable country, while its affairs of every description were apparently in a state of inextricable confusion. It may be imagined that, even with all his zeal for the public service, Captain MUNRO did not enter upon such a charge with much anticipation of pleasure or comfort to himself. He had, moreover, conceived an attachment to the Baramahl, towards which he began to feel as to a home. He writes:—

I have now turned my back upon the Baramahl and the Carnatic, and with a deeper sensation of regret than I felt in leaving home; for at that time the vain prospect of imaginary happiness in new and distant regions, occupied all my thoughts; but I see nothing where I am now going, to compensate for what I have lost—a country and friends that have been endeared to me by the residence of twenty years. . . . I must now make new ones, for there is not a man in Canara whom I ever saw in my life. Nothing would have induced me to go there had I not been pointed out for the business of settling that country.

Quitting Canara in 1800, MUNRO remained in the ceded districts until 1807, when he resigned his collectorship in order that he might visit his native land. MR. GLEIG thus alludes to his labours, his difficulties, and his success, after his removal to the last-named charge, which he found in a state of anarchy:—

He laboured assiduously to introduce a better order of things, and with the help of his old friend, General Campbell, succeeded to a great extent; but for several years robberies continued to occur, and murder was by no means unfrequent. Nothing daunted by the reports which reached him, Major Munro persevered in the plan which he had found to answer in Canara, of performing his official tours without an escort. He held that it was good policy to avoid an appearance of distrust in the natives; he brought up his assistants to act on the same principle. To himself neither outrage nor insult seems ever to have been offered; his assistants, except on one occasion, were treated with equal respect.

He had left Canara in "a state of as good order as any other more recently-acquired, and as some of the older provinces of the

British empire." The Duke of WELLINGTON, then Colonel WELLESLEY, was one of those who appreciated the value of MUNRO's character and abilities. During the campaign of the former against DOONDAGEE WAUGH, a Mahratta adventurer, who had commenced a series of predatory conquests, and appeared on the borders of Canara during the superintendence of Captain MUNRO; the latter furnished his army with supplies in the field. Hence a correspondence arose between the future victor of Waterloo, and MUNRO, which gives evidence that the views of these two great men coincided on all important points concerning the condition and prospects of the British Empire in the East. It was while MUNRO was in the ceded districts that the long-expected breach with the Mahrattas took place, which led to the great victory of Assye. After this important event, the conqueror wrote to MUNRO to give him an account of the battle that he might have his opinion upon his side, the latter being, as he said, "a judge of military operations." General WELLESLEY had, on a previous occasion during the war, adopted a plan which MUNRO had laid before him for the settlement of the province of Ahmednuggur.

The only other great event which befel ere MUNRO's return to Britain was, the military revolt of the Sepoys at Velon. On this occasion, Lord WILLIAM BENTINCK, then Governor of Madras, addressed a cautionary communication to Colonel MUNRO. In reply, the latter took occasion to lay before his lordship his views concerning the extent of the danger to be apprehended, the character of the Native troops, and the causes of the revolt—views characterized by the accurate practical knowledge and sound sense of the writer.

(To be continued.)

PHILOSOPHY.

An Essay on the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion. By GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS, Esq. London: Parker. 1849.

It would be difficult to find a better subject for the exercise of the intellect than that which Mr. LEWIS has here chosen. To measure the influence of authority upon opinion, to define the limits of its value, where and how far it may be received as an element in an argument, when it should be rejected altogether, and when, and to what extent modified, are questions, the decision of which would go far to determine many of the controversies that have divided and still rend alike the world of speculation and the world of action. The philosopher who should succeed in supplying a practical and intelligible test by which the worth of authority may be determined, would contribute more towards the advancement of human intelligence than even ARISTOTLE or BACON—and this equally by clearing of the path of progress the obstructive rubbish that is now everywhere heaped upon it, through this fallacy of authority, as by the positive addition it would make to the sum of human knowledge.

We are bound to say that this essay of Mr. LEWIS is not such a great work. He has industriously gathered together and described in striking colours the instances in which authority has been admitted to influence opinion, both in the ancient and the modern world, in religion, in physical science, in mental and moral philosophy, in politics, and in social life. But he has been more successful in tracing it

through its various forms of actual existence, than in defining its claims to be received, or in giving to the world that which it most wants,—some rules by which it may be known, when authority is tendered in argument or adduced in furtherance of opinion, whether it should be received or rejected, and, if to be received at all, the extent to which it may be admitted to influence opinion.

But before we can estimate the worth of authority, it is necessary to understand precisely what we mean by the term, for it is used in very different senses by different persons. Sometimes it is employed to express *power*; as the *authority* of a court of law to decide such and such a question. Sometimes it is used as synonymous with *evidence*, as where it is said "I make this statement on such a person's *authority*." Mr. LEWIS attempts to show that this distinction, which is thus drawn by Archbishop WHATELEY in his logic, is not tenable, and that both resolve themselves into questions of evidence. It may be so, if we trace them back to their elements, but it is not so practically, and when authority is adduced as an argument, the fallacy can only be detected by applying the obvious distinction, alone present to the minds of those who use or those who hear it, namely the difference between *authority as power*, and *authority as evidence*.

Mr. LEWIS has framed a definition of his own in which he leaves out of sight this double meaning of the term, and, as it seems to us, commits a still graver error. He defines authority to be "the influence which determines a belief without a comprehension of the proof." Now the looseness and inaccuracy of this definition are manifest on a moment's consideration. In the first place it would be equally applicable to other influences besides authority, for how many *beliefs* are there determined "without a comprehension of the proof," with which authority has no concern? Mr. LEWIS also substitutes for the external influence which he intended to define, the condition of mind of the person influenced. Such looseness of definition does not bespeak the presence of that clearness of thought and precision of language which are requisite to the successful accomplishment of so grand an enterprise as this upon which Mr. LEWIS has adventured in the volume before us.

What, now, do we really mean when we use the term "authority," and treat of it as an element of opinion? We throw out of consideration the popular use of the word as *evidence*, as where a *fact* is asserted on the *authority* of some other person, for that is simply a question of *evidence*, the worth of which is to be determined by precisely the same rules as are applicable to all other kinds of evidence. It does not come at all within the proper province of this essay, which is, or ought to be, directed to that which is more properly termed *authority*, and which alone was intended to be treated of by Mr. LEWIS.

Definitions are always dangerous, because it is extremely difficult so to frame them as to include all that belongs to them and to exclude whatever is alien in fact, though like in feature. But in such a discussion as the present, definition is necessary to avoid infinite perplexity. We will endeavour, therefore, to propose one which seems to be more precise than that propounded by Mr. LEWIS.

Authority, then, may be defined to be an *opinion* or an *assertion* by one person or more produced for the purpose of influencing the judgment of another person without the exer-

cise of his own reason upon such opinion or assertion, and which is required to be received as decisive, not upon its own merits, but because it was the opinion or the assertion of such person or persons.

This is a long definition, but we have been unable to abbreviate without sacrificing some element necessary to make it correct. It comprises, we believe, all the characteristics of that kind of authority which is the proper subject of this essay.

Thus restricted, the subject might be reduced to a comparatively narrow compass. Authority, properly so termed, is of the smallest possible value. At the best it amounts to no more than this, that the fact of A. or B., whose intellect or opportunities for forming a judgment we approve, having arrived at such or such a conclusion, should induce to greater caution on our own parts in forming an opinion that differs from theirs. But it would be wrong to receive that opinion as conclusive, or in substitution for a judgment of our own, or in lieu of the exercise of our own reason. *Unreasoning submission to authority* is the fallacy to be guarded against, and not the production of the authority, which may be received for the purpose we have stated, but for no other purpose.

The greater portion of Mr. LEWIS's essay is devoted to investigating the value of authority as *evidence*,—that is to say, how far we may safely receive the assertions of another upon a matter-of-fact, and the degrees of deference that should be given to different kinds of such authority—so that it is really a treatise on evidence, and, as such, it is an interesting and instructive essay; but it must be read with the most perfect understanding of its true purport, otherwise the reader may be led into serious errors should he mistake the one meaning of the term "authority" for the other, and in argument, or for the purpose of forming his own judgment, admit the authority which is properly so called,—the unreasoning submission to the opinion of another—supposing it to be subject to the same rules and of equal value with that other *authority* handled by Mr. LEWIS, and which is properly a question of evidence.

With these preliminary remarks we will now produce some of the instances of authority as evidence commented upon by Mr. LEWIS, although we have not space to notice a tithe of the fallacies into which he has fallen, amid a great deal that is worthy of respect and remembrance, and the truth of which will be universally accepted. Drawing his illustrations from the business of life, and applying his principles to the every-day concerns of society, he has produced a work which, if not quite what it was intended to be, is yet a valuable contribution to the philosophy of evidence, and a useful *résumé* of rules for the formation of opinion.

But let us first state Mr. LEWIS's plan in his own words:

Whenever, in the course of this Essay, I speak of the *Principle of Authority*, I shall understand the principle of adopting the belief of others, on a matter of opinion, without reference to the particular grounds on which that belief may rest.

In pursuing the inquiry, thus indicated in general terms, I shall attempt, first to describe the circumstances under which opinions are usually derived from authority, and next, to ascertain the marks of sound or trustworthy authority in matters of opinion. Having shown what are the best indications of the competent judges in each subject, I shall inquire as to their numerical ratio to the rest of the community, and shall afterwards offer some remarks upon the application of the principle of authority to questions of civil govern-

ment. Lastly, I shall make some suggestions upon the best means of creating a trustworthy authority in matters of opinion, and of guarding against the abuses to which the principle of authority is liable.

We cannot, however, subscribe to his assertion that submission to authority does not preclude an appeal to the reason. He says

In the choice of guides of opinion, a double option is exercised. First, a person decides whether he will judge for himself, or rely on the opinion of others; and secondly, having decided in favour of the latter alternative, he has an option as to the guide whom he will select. Even when he has made this selection, he may, if he think fit, reject the opinion of the person whom he has selected. Nothing, therefore, can be more exclusively a man's own act than the choice of his guides and the adoption of their opinion. But, partly because the mind when the choice has once been made, is passive in following an opinion, and partly because the word *authority* sometimes signifies compulsory power, it seems to be believed that a deference to authority, in matters of opinion, implies some coercive influence on the understanding. If, however, such a belief is ever entertained, it is erroneous. The submission of the understanding to the opinion of another is purely voluntary, at more than one stage. The choice of a guide is as much a matter of free determination as the adoption of an opinion on argumentative grounds. If I believe a truth in astronomy or optics because men of science believe it—if I adopt the advice of a physician or lawyer in a question of practice,—my decision is as free and unconstrained as if I judged for myself without assistance, although I arrive at the conclusion by a different road.

The fallacy here consists in the double meaning applied to the term *authority*, as explained above. In this sentence he uses it as *evidence*, and not as something to be received without evidence. With the same caution as to the meaning attached to the term must be read these very just remarks on

AUTHORITY IN MATTERS OF SCIENCE.

There is, or at least has been, much popular prejudice against the learned professions; and this feeling has been fomented by satirists and writers of comedy, who have ridiculed their weaknesses and failings, such as their pedantry and their groundless pretensions to science. It is thought that, as lawyers and physicians live upon the follies, the quarrels, and the diseases of mankind, they have an interest in augmenting the papulum on which they subsist. But the truth is, that the legitimate and recognized end of these professions is to provide preventives and remedies for the ills to which human nature and human society are subject. The ills are inevitable; but they can be mitigated by prudence and good management. Now this mitigation is what professional advice undertakes to provide, and, in fact to a great extent does provide. It is not to be expected that all the members of a large profession should be morally perfect, or that there should not be cases in which their advice is prompted by an interested motive. But that the public is, on the whole, essentially benefitted by the advice of professional men is apparent from the earnest and universal desire to obtain their services, and from the pecuniary sacrifices made for the purpose of obtaining them. According to the Italian proverb—

Quel consigli son prezzati,
Che son chiesti e ben pagati.

A similar inference may be drawn from the provision made by governments for the gratuitous supply of professional advice, where it cannot be procured without charitable assistance. In almost all countries, medical attendance is provided in this manner for the poor, to a greater or less extent; and, in certain cases, advocates are furnished at the public expense to enable poor litigants to recover their rights.

And equally true are the observations on the value of

AUTHORITY IN ART.

Although, in the liberal arts, success depends on the multitude of admirers, yet it does not follow that the standard by which the multitude judge is correct. In the creations of the poet, the orator, the painter, the

sculptor, and the architect, not merely the judgment of the multitude, but also that of persons of cultivated and refined taste, concerning the particular object, is to be considered.

With respect to composition, both oral and written, there are canons of criticism, which are established by those who have devoted their minds to a special study of the subject; and there are tests of excellence independent of popular approbation. An impure style of speaking and writing does not recommend itself to fastidious and refined judges, merely because it pleases a popular audience, or a wide circle of readers. A discourse full of tawdry ornament, false brilliancy, far-fetched metaphors, and turgid exaggeration, which might obtain the applauses of an uneducated audience would offend the taste of a more instructed class of hearers. The same may be said of many popular writings, whose ephemeral success is not a proof of their excellence, tried by a right standard. So, again, when we get below the class of persons who have cultivated a taste for art, a collection of painted wax figures would certainly attract more spectators than a museum of Grecian statues; and a set of highly-coloured pictures, full of contortion and melo-dramatic postures, would captivate a larger multitude than a series of paintings by Raphael. And, even in the culinary art, the taste of a student of the *Almanach des Gourmands* is, doubtless, more refined than that of a clown; and, in spite of Martial's saying, the judgment of a professed cook is to be regarded, although there may be many guests who would not appreciate his skill.

True excellence in each art is to be decided by the judgment of persons of exercised taste and observation in that art, and not by the opinion of the multitude. Nevertheless, as has been stated, success is measured by popular favour, and is often (at least for a time) independent of excellence tried by the correct standard. Artists cannot, in general, afford to be teachers; they are compelled to adapt their powers of invention and imitation to the varying demands of the popular temper. Actors must accommodate their representations to the public fancy, and must be contented to amuse their audience in the manner in which they desire to be amused, without undertaking to purify or elevate their taste.

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give;
For we live to please, must please to live.

Even artists, however, of all sorts, who are compelled to adapt their performances to the public taste, appreciate the approbation of cultivated and refined judges, and often pursue a disinterested love for the higher departments of their art, without reference to profit or immediate fame. Men of genius, likewise, may create new tastes, and form in the public a new aesthetical sense. But this power, both of forming the appetite, and furnishing the food which it demands, is given to few.

Similar remarks apply to the works of useful arts. Products of this kind must fall in with the general taste, and be suited to the wants and convenience of numbers, in order to be appreciated, and be in demand. In all vendible commodities, public favour is the test of success. The empire of fashion, with respect to taste in building, furniture, dress, gardening, and decoration of all sorts, is notoriously as capricious as it is paramount; and the shifting of public taste in these respects may sometimes remind us of the French proverb, that fools invent fashions, and wise men follow them. We may thus often find that the taste of the public is erroneous, that, in works both of the fine and the useful arts, the people may admire contrary to the opinion of competent judges; and may find excellence in works which the latter condemn, and fail to appreciate what the latter esteem highly; yet the general taste must be accepted as the criterion of success, whether deserved or undeserved.

The *arbitrium popularis aurez* is decisive as a test of success, where a person seeks to obtain followers, supporters, admirers, or customers. But where he desires to submit his opinions to the standard of truth, it ought to be disregarded, in comparison with the sentence of the few competent judges, either contemporary or future.

This is his estimate, and it is a tolerably just one, of the worth of

POPULAR OPINION AS AN AUTHORITY.

Popular opinion is more often right on particulars

than on *genera*. Thus, the judgment of the public is more correct on questions of morality, and individual behaviour and conduct, than on questions of speculation and abstract truth or of general expediency and a course of policy. Thus, too, in affairs of state, the opinion of the people is entitled to greater weight with respect to the *existence* of political evils than with respect to their *remedies*. The people can, by their own feelings and observation, ascertain the existence of physical and potent evils—such as famine, high prices, mercantile ruin and panic, oppressive taxes, corrupt and partial administration of justice, insecurity of life and property. But what are the proper remedies for these evils, or, indeed, how far they may be remediable by the power of the government, the people are in general less able to form a correct opinion. Accordingly it may be observed that, when once satisfied that the existence of the evil is admitted, they are often disposed to defer to the authority of statesmen and political leaders with respect to the choice of a remedy. It should be added, that popular opinion is more to be relied on in reference to complaints against *old* than against *new* laws and institutions. With respect to the former, the people judge in general, from observed facts; against the latter, they are sometimes prejudiced by a few interested or passionate leaders, before the institution has been established, or the law been carried into effect, in such a manner as to be fairly judged by its results; and a popular clamour, not founded on any real suffering or inconvenience, is thus excited.

Another curious and interesting passage we must extract, in spite of its length, for its great present importance, and the uses it may serve in correcting some prevalent errors as to the

INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS UPON OPINION.

The extraordinary cheapness of the newspaper, in proportion to the cost of its contents, the regularity as well as celerity of its publication, its circulation gratuitously, or at low rates of postage, through the post office, and the variety and interests of its information, and of its comments on passing events, cause it to be diffused widely, and to be read by a large part of the public; to whom it not only furnishes the materials out of which their opinions on the questions of the day are chiefly formed, but often suggests the opinions themselves.

A newspaper affords every day the intelligence which each person wants, without the interruption of a visitor or messenger—and suggests opinions on political and other subjects, without the formality or apparent presumption of a personal adviser. It is a daily supply of information and discussion, of which everybody can take as much or as little as he pleases, and at the times most convenient to himself, without being guilty of any slight or breach of propriety.

In every civilized country, therefore, in which the newspaper press is not strictly coerced by the government, it exercises a great influence upon the opinions of the community at large, in different directions and by different means; partly by supplying facts as the groundwork of opinions, partly by argumentative discussion, and partly by its mere authority.

Now, in looking on the newspaper press as one of the principal guides of public opinion, and as an authoritative source of practical convictions to a large part of the community, the most prominent characteristic which strikes the observer is, that it is *anonymous*—that all the writers officially connected with a newspaper are unknown to the reader, and strictly maintain their incognito. This is certainly the general character of the newspaper press in all countries. The editorial articles are always anonymous in form, and generally anonymous in fact; though, in some cases, their authorship may be disclosed in private, or may be ascertained upon inquiry.

The anonymous character of the newspaper press is so important and distinctive a feature, and is so closely connected with the nature of its influence as an authoritative guide to opinion, that it is necessary to inquire what are the motives and causes, and what the operation of this system.

It may be said, in general that the author of a writing is desirous that his authorship should be known. If the composition contains nothing of which he is ashamed, there is no reason why he should not avow his own production. He probably thinks that the publicity of the fact will contribute to his reputation. There

must, therefore, be some cogent reason for the universal and studious concealment of authorship practised by newspaper writers.

This reason is to be found in the facilities which it affords for the free expression of opinion on contemporary transactions. A newspaper writer undertakes the inviolate office of a public censor. He cites before his tribunal kings, potentates, statesmen, churchmen, demagogues, officers of the government, members of political bodies, and men in every variety of relation in which they play any public part, however exalted or however humble. The high are formidable by their influence and station—the low, by their numbers and powers of union. Having no powerful party or connexions to support him in undertaking a conflict, in which the superiority of strength is so much against him, it is necessary that he should, by self-concealment, avoid the retaliation which he is sure to provoke. Being unequally matched against so great a preponderance of force, he is compelled to fight in ambush in order to gain the victory. He throws down his gauntlet in the lists, and challenges all the world to the combat; but before he enters the field, he is forced to lower his visor.

Writers in newspapers resemble the guests at a masquerade, who, by disguising their faces, are able to comment with freedom, and without fear of consequences, upon the errors or foibles of their neighbours. They are, as it were, disembodied voices, admonishing people of their faults or omissions—like “the airy tongues that syllable men's names,” which, in times of alarm and superstition, have been heard to give warning of public danger. In this respect Junius, the *magni nominis umbra*, the mysterious monitor and castigator of men in high stations, who was never identified with any living person, is the prototype of the newspaper press.

The anonymousness of newspaper writing rests on the same ground as the vote by ballot for electoral purposes—viz., the protection against intimidation or undue influence which, in either case, the secrecy affords. Both in writing upon public events, and in giving a vote at a public election, secrecy is “*vindex tacite libertatis*.” Unless the writer concealed his name, he would in many cases be exposed to personal quarrels and threats, and in still more, to personal solicitations and remonstrances, if he wrote with freedom. If, on the other hand, he avowed his authorship, he would find it necessary, or at least prudent, to suppress unpleasant truths, to spare certain individuals, to avoid giving offence to the powerful, and, in short, to make the same sacrifices to personal feeling and interest, as are made by those who discuss openly the conduct and character of their contemporaries. That this would be the case, is proved by the practice, not only of editors and the regular paid contributors to newspapers, but also of most of their casual correspondents, who write under assumed names. If the descendants of every celebrated person of a former age thought it their duty to defend their ancestor's memory, and to fasten a quarrel upon a historian who censured him without reserve, it would be necessary for historians of the past to conceal their names, not less than the contemporary chroniclers who write in newspapers. Bayle, who wrote at a time when it was dangerous for a man to discuss philosophical and religious subjects with freedom, resorted to various devices of false dates and fictitious prefaces, in order to divert suspicion and to conceal his authorship.

As an example of the dangerous hostility which a free-spoken newspaper writer may excite, the case of Junius may be cited. Sir William Draper, when attacked with severity by Junius, called upon him to drop his anonymous character, and to decide the quarrel by arms. Junius declined this challenge, saying in reply, that “it was by no means necessary that he should be exposed to the resentment of the worst and the most powerful men in this country;” and “that while Sir William Draper would fight, there were others who would assassinate.”—(Letter 25.)

Hence, a person attacked by a newspaper is in the same position as a knight in a tale of chivalry, who finds himself, through the arts of an enchanter, assailed by the blows of an invisible hand, which he feels without being able to perceive their author. Under cover of their concealment, these writers can pass everywhere unimpeded; they can act as the privileged spies of the public, without being subject to the danger

of being hanged, if caught within the enemy's lines. They have the same defence of obscurity which the goddess is described as conferring on Aeneas and his companions, in order to enable them to enter the walls of Carthage with safety, and to scrutinize its inhabitants without being stopped or challenged by the guards.

*At Venus obscuro gradientes aere sapsit,
Et multo nebula circum dea fudit amictu;
Ocnere ne quis con neu quis contingere possit,
Mollirive moram aut venienti poscere causa.*

The newspaper press, so far as it is an organ of *opinion*, is a political and moral censorship, assumed voluntarily, and exercised by concealed agents. Its operations may be considered as those of a modern Vehmic tribunal, adapted to a civilized state of society. It works by secret instruments, and its sentences are carried into effect with almost resistless force, but by unseen and unknown hands. In a certain sense, the public stands to the newspaper press in the same relation as that in which the government stood to the informers at Venice: it opens a lion's mouth, into which all public accusations can be thrown, without the disclosure of the complainant's name.

The concealment of authorship by newspaper writers exempts them from many of the feelings which disturb the judgment of rival politicians, contending in the open arena of public life. For example, being withdrawn from public notice, they are free from personal vanity or rivalry, and from all love of distinction; they cannot be actuated by a desire of display, or of personal triumph—by the love of power for its sordid advantages—or by a spirit of interested faction. It is only so far as they are connected with, or set in motion by, the leaders or followers of political parties, that newspaper writers can be influenced by these motives.

That there must be strong reasons of expediency in favour of a practice so generally adopted, so firmly maintained, and so peaceably acquiesced in, cannot be doubted. On the other hand, it is an unquestionable evil that the public mind should, with respect to the events and public characters of the day, be guided to a great extent by persons who, writing in studied concealment, are exempt from the check of personal responsibility, and can gratify private resentment, private friendship, or any other private feeling, good or bad, at the expense of the public interest, or of the reputation and peace of individuals, without the prospect of moral accountability to any human tribunal—and, even in the event of the conviction of the publisher for libel, with no fear of individual exposure.

The concealment of authorship likewise encourages, or permits, the adoption of a censorious tone of assumed superiority, of disinterested regard for the public welfare, and of championship of the nation against the acts of the government, which would perhaps not be consistent with the writer's true position and character if he were known to his readers. In many cases, probably, the assumed is as unlike the real character of the writer, as the character of the tragedy-hero to that of the actor who represents him.

It might be thought that, as the original articles in newspapers are all anonymous, they would pass merely for the intrinsic value of the facts and arguments which they contain, and that they would be devoid of any extrinsic and adventitious authority. Such, however, is not the fact; newspapers are not like single anonymous placards, issuing from an unascertained source. In some cases, indeed, the authority of a newspaper may even greatly exceed that of a statement or argument supported by the author's name. A newspaper, it is to be observed, by its continuous publication at the same office, and under the same title, and by a unity of management under the same proprietary, acquires a species of individual character, similar to that of a corporation, or club, or regiment, or mercantile partnership, or other voluntary association, kept in existence by the perpetual succession and renewal of its members. It is, like them, a *persona moralis*; and although its writers do not appear before the public in their personal identity, and in many cases, doubtless, are unknown to one another, yet they all depend on a common centre; they are selected and remunerated by a common employer; their several movements are regulated by a common mind, and according to a uniform plan. In this manner, a newspaper can acquire a corporate character for accuracy and extent of intelligence, for cor-

rectness of statement, and even for soundness of judgment and strength of reasoning—which character is composite—the general result of its management; and it is formed from the aggregate writings of its contributors, but is distinct from that of any one of them.

Now, by taking advantage of this corporate character, but at the same time sheltering himself under the cover of anonymous authorship, the official newspaper writer secures the protection of secrecy, while he writes, nevertheless, with a considerable weight of authority. He obtains all the adventitious strength which may be derived from the character, connexions, and influence of the newspaper, considered as a moral entity; while he escapes from all personal responsibility, and is not known by, or accountable to, any one but his own employer.

Another important incident of the corporate character of a newspaper, and of its continuous existence, is, that it may be the organ of a certain political party or interest, and may thus come to be regarded as the authentic representative of their views. In this way, again, it may acquire an authority extrinsic to the mere anonymous effect of the arguments or opinions which it circulates.

From the relation in which newspapers stand to the public—being dependent on their sale for their very existence—it is natural that they should seek to render their opinions acceptable to a large number of purchasers, and thus they often follow, as well as lead, public opinion. Even in these cases, however, they contribute to give it a more clearly marked form, and to turn it into a more definite course; and their authority with their readers is enhanced, rather than diminished, by a dexterous adaptation of their suggestions and censures to pre-existing opinions or sentiments.

We see, therefore, that by its continuity of character, by becoming a party organ, and by sometimes following as well as leading public opinion, a newspaper obtains a considerable authority, independent of the force of its reasoning, and that this authority is directed by writers who, being anonymous, are exempt from all sense of personal responsibility.

Such is the reverse of the picture which we have contemplated above. Such are the principal evils incidental to the anonymous authorship of newspapers.

The system itself, however, rests, as we have seen, on a solid basis of expediency. The public has a paramount interest in the free expression of opinion upon passing events, and in the free censure of the public acts of contemporaries; and, without anonymous writing, this freedom cannot practically exist. Besides, any attempt to compel the true writers to disclose their names would be futile. The law can only compel some responsible party to undertake the paternity of a newspaper article; but it cannot make the paternity a question of fact. It can do nothing for creating a moral and personal responsibility in the real writers. It cannot get beyond the registered editor and the publisher. By these means, the author escapes, while the news-vendor suffers—reversing the proverbial fate of the great and little:—

“Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower.”

The conclusion at which we arrive is, that however liable to abuse the anonymous authorship of newspapers may be, the practice is necessary, in order to secure the most important purpose of a newspaper, and therefore ought to be acquiesced in, even if it could be easily prevented by law, which is not the case. The proper object, therefore, to be aimed at is, to provide securities against the abuses of the system, and to obtain its advantages with as little admixture of evil as practicable—to extract all the honey, and to neutralize some of the poison.

An important protection against the abuses of this anonymous writing is derived from the vigilant watch which the several newspapers are led, by the spirit of competition, to keep up on one another. The rivalry of trade prevents them from combining for any common purpose; and the censure which they cast on each other is at least as severe and unsparing as that which they direct against any member of the public.

The use of authority in religion is a subject too serious and too long to be properly treated of within the small space that can be devoted to the entire volume, in the columns of a Literary

Journal, and for that we must therefore refer the reader to the essay itself, where he will find it treated with considerable care and great ability. But, as a specimen, we may extract Mr. LEWIS's observations on the

INFLUENCE OF RELIGIOUS ENDOWMENTS.

That an ecclesiastical endowment will diffuse religious truth, where apathy and indifference on religious matters exist, and where religion is untainted because there is no provision for teaching it, cannot be doubted. Where the ground is unoccupied, the endowed teacher will step into possession, and cultivate his allotted district. If he be industrious and skillful, his seed, being thrown into a field ready to receive it, will take root, and spring up and bear fruit. But it will be otherwise if the ground be already occupied by others, who contest the possession with him. In this case, his seed will be scattered to the winds, and there will be little or no harvest to gather into his garner.

When an endowed clergyman supplies a void which otherwise would remain unfilled—when he affords religious instruction to persons who would otherwise be uninstructed—when he preaches religious doctrine to persons who would otherwise hear no religious doctrine—his influence in the propagation of the opinions of his confession cannot fail to be felt, provided that he addresses persons of the requisite amount of intelligence and information. But if he comes into conflict with unendowed clergymen—if he addresses persons who already receive religious instruction from others, whose minds are preoccupied with the doctrines of a different sect, and whose conscience is bound to the practice of other religious rites and observances—his influence becomes less important, and may perhaps be nearly imperceptible. If religion was a subject on which all men were agreed, or if there was any one living authority on religious questions to which they were willing to defer—if religious opinions were not a matter of conscientious conviction, and maintained from a sense of moral obligation—if, when religious instruction and the means of religious worship were provided gratuitously by the state, every person might be expected to use them, rather than incur the expense of providing them for himself—if people flocked to the lessons of the endowed clergyman, as they would flock to the distribution of relief by the state, or as the Romans went to the public games—if men looked upon religion as an article to be procured at the cheapest cost, and for which they would make no pecuniary sacrifice—then the influence of endowment in propagating the peculiar religious opinions of the endowed sect would be decisive. But these necessary conditions for its success, as a means of gaining over converts from other confessions, are wanting; and we accordingly find that it has failed as an engine of proselytism.

In politics, we talk a great deal about the influence of public opinion, and it is almost a recognized maxim in this country that it is to be accepted as an authority. But both its friends and its opponents err in the employment of the term, for they do not mean, as appears to be implied, that the authority of public opinion is to be received as unquestioned truth—*vox populi, vox Dei*—but only that when public opinion is decidedly formed and expressed, it is entitled to have its way, and that it then becomes the minority to yield even their own better judgment to the wishes of the majority.

Among the questions mooted and ably discussed by Mr. LEWIS, is the much contested one whether and to what extent it is the duty of the state to propagate religious truth and disown religious error. The difficulty lies in ascertaining what is truth and what is error, that varying not only in different nations but in the same nation at different times, and even among the same people. It surely cannot be determined by the majority—that cannot be the test of truth. But if not thus, how is it to be ascertained? Shall the king, shall the parliament prescribe it? No; certainly not. Who then shall do it? The impracticability of an

agreement upon the subject, proves, according to Mr. LEWIS, that it is not the proper province of the state, but that it must be left to individual opinion.

I have seen, says Archbishop Whately, the doctrine maintained in various publications, and, among others, in a document put forth by an "association" composed of protestant dissenters and members of the established church combined together, that "the state is authorized and bound to pronounce what religion is true; and that in this country it has pronounced this decision, and has thus, by its lawful authority, condemned all others;" and the severest censures, and imputations of latitudinarian indifference, irreligion, impiety, and infidelity, are lavishly heaped on those who presume to dispute this *parental* right in the state to decide for its subjects, as a father for his children, what their religion shall be. Now, certainly, the dissenting advocates, at least, of this doctrine, must be entirely unaware of its real tendency; for they are in fact cutting away the very ground under their own feet, and masking it a sacred duty of Government to refuse them toleration.

We now part reluctantly from a book which, although not what it was intended to be and might have been, is yet a valuable contribution to moral and political philosophy, the more acceptable because works of its class are now so rare.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Facts and Reflections. By a Subaltern of the Indian Army. London: Madden. 1849.

This is a new view of Indian life. As two men in a crowd may see wholly different occurrences and thus their descriptions may seem to refer to separate occasions, so we now learn for the first time, that the same rule holds good in regard to soldier life in "the gorgeous East." All is not gold that glitters, is the effect to which this critical subaltern preaches. He assures us that there are disappointment, discontent, and ill treatment, and enough of them, to be met with in India. And to prove this, he tells *his own tale*—raises a warning voice to ambitious youths and near-sighted parents. He was unfortunate, displeased, and became weary in the East, and he shows to others *why*. And perhaps his cause of complaint was a good one. He neither found the Eastern cities such El Dorados as aspirants to Eastern honours generally expect to find, nor was the country such as to inspire him with satisfaction, nor were the army achievements or army life such as a man of taste, seeking for wonders and anticipating occasional surprises, would expect.

It cannot be said of this subaltern that he did not properly test that which he decries. He "endured" seven years of Oriental life, and served in the Sikh campaigns of 1845-46. Several of the actions of this war he briefly describes. And after these years of toil he resolved to quit the gay pursuit of war, and the grandeur with which he was surrounded, and to expose to the world the hollowness of the delusion that had called him from his home and wasted some of the best years of his existence. And he has not mistaken his power, for although we must make some allowance for the disappointments which he admits he has met with, and for the fact that he seems to have been unfitted for the hardships of an Eastern life, there is much truth in his remarks, and they should be read by all who contemplate entering on an Eastern career. They will help to nerve the will and to prepare the mind for the difficulties to be encountered.

An extract or two will show how easily a subaltern exposes his own chagrin, and how

pallably he shows that troubles are many and irksome in India.

MADRAS.

I selected the "Clarendon," a very different establishment from its namesake in Bond-street. The charges are enormously high, and everything very unsatisfactory.

The pleasing sensation of being once more on *terra firma*, after seventy days' close confinement, however, compensates for every inconvenience, and in my innocence I anticipated the luxury of an Oriental. But great was my astonishment and disgust in being shown a place six feet long and two feet deep. Visions of Turkish pipes, Persian tobacco, delicious Mocha coffee, marble halls, redolent with warm air impregnated with the delightful perfumes of the East, vanished as by magic; and the stern reality of a pool of dirty, tepid water, and a still dirtier attendant, filled me with astonishment and indignation. That was my first surprise in India; but, as I shall show, by no means my last.

But no more approving is his view of

CALCUTTA.

The approach to Calcutta is lauded as one of the wonders of nature. There is no accounting for tastes. To my perception the view from the river is not to be compared to any part of the Thames from Kew upwards. Why the town itself has been designated the City of Palaces I could never understand. The mansions of the residents would scarcely constitute respectable out-houses to most of the continental abodes of royalty that I have seen. The vice-regal habitation is hardly worthy of the Governor-General of India; but as political affairs require the presence of that august individual in the more temperate clime of Simla, the edifice is seldom used now. There are no other public buildings, excepting the Town Hall, the Cathedral, the Metcalf Hall, and the Mint, which would be tolerated in an English country town. The city is dirty, dusty, hot, swarming with vermin of every description, ill lighted, indifferently drained, badly watered, and not paved at all.

When dilating on the social attractions of India, the discipline and regulations of the army, it is that we find our author most bitter. Severely does he inveigh against the system of

PATRONAGE AND PROMOTION.

I think I have now glanced at most of the irregular modes of preferment appertaining to the Indian army: there are many very feasible modes of enjoying most of them. The best and surest is petticoat influence; in the next rank comes political interest; next, local influence; and lastly, merit combined with talent and fitness. The life of the infantry subaltern of the Bengal army is merely an existence. The hot weather passes, the cold season is anxiously anticipated, and men actually survive this general routine for twenty and thirty years. It is to me a subject of the most unmitigated surprise that the mortality in the land of the East is not fifty per cent. higher than that of England. Few are inactive in the latter country, while in India there is the greatest difficulty in finding matter for a morning's employment, much less an entire day.

Let old men tell you, when in their second childhood, that there is a fine field in India,—believe one who has some experience, that there is a far finer in England; and even if the embryo aspirant for honour and fame should gain both in the former country, he must recollect that what he has experienced was most galling to his feelings and detrimental to the sense of honour which was nourished in his earliest childhood. Applications for staff appointments treated with the crudest disdain; favours to be asked at which his honest soul revolted. Such is the abuse of patronage in India. In the first instance, an appointment, excepting to a relation, is one which the parent or guardian must ever look on as the source of the deepest obligation; and even the receiver of a young subaltern's borrowed money, for the purchase of a step, considers he is conferring a lasting favour on those below him. There are no regulations, no fixed price; any one may ask what he likes to retire from a service which he most probably detests; and all are too happy to contribute their share, in the hopes of speedily attaining a rank which would enable them to act as their predecessors had done. The

young subaltern, I say, is degraded by pecuniary obligations, the first moment he becomes a member of "the finest Military Service in the world."

Such would not be the case if real merit was rewarded.

So grossly violated have been the author's feelings, so acute have been his sufferings, that he more than once adverts to the subject of

SOCIETY IN INDIA.

Society in India is badly grounded; but it can never be otherwise, until matrimony ceases to be a marketable commodity, and young ladies refuse to be knocked down to the highest bidder, by the hammer of public opinion.

My sketch of society in India has been particularly limited, and I cannot close these pages without again referring to the subject. All are well aware of the numerous importation of candidates for the matrimonial market, but they will scarcely believe the pitch to which the system of barter extends. Love matches are, indeed, proverbially scarce. A man's income, excepting from private sources, is exactly known, and the smiles and attention he receives from mothers, guardians, friends, &c. &c., proportionably granted. A young ensign whatever his pretensions, unless they be accompanied by something of practical solidity, is almost rudely treated; while, on the other hand, the advances of some bear, who carries on his heels the badges of pecuniary competency, is received with the most flattering attention. I do not, for one moment, uphold that marriages on insufficiency must not entail misery, but it is the rudeness, the disdain, with which a young man's attentions are received, that I complain of. It should be gratifying to every woman to receive the adoration of every man; but in India he is looked on as usurping a place which a richer suitor might aspire to, and is got out of the way in the quickest and most summary manner. The matrimonial speculators (I have no hesitation in saying it) are without delicacy, feminine pride, or feeling; and here ends the subject. I might, no doubt, dwell on it; but I think anything to woman's detriment is best avoided; and pray remember, fair ladies, I am only describing a class.

One more extract and we will close a book, which, great as is its merit, eloquent as are the pleadings of its author, our readers will bear in mind is written by one who confesses that he "went to India under the influence of temporary pique," and therefore cannot have been well disposed to view favourably the obstacles he met with. Nevertheless his work forms a valuable *contra* picture, of that which has hitherto been invariably painted *colour de rose*:

THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF FEROZESHAH.

On the morning of the 21st December, 1845, agreeably to orders received, the bugle having sounded from the head-quarter camp, the army was quickly stirring. All heavy baggage was to remain standing, and about four o'clock in the morning we were in full march towards the enemy's entrenched camp at Ferozshahur. Then assurance was made doubly sure that a grand and awful struggle would take place to assert once more the pre-eminence of British sovereignty in the East. Many a kind word now passed between those whom temporary misunderstandings had slightly alienated. Good wishes, hopes—sincere hopes, of luck and safety were generally bandied. Deep-rooted quarrels and imaginary hatreds were forgotten; all knew that they might shortly be called into the presence of their Creator. Those rejoicing in the possession of two pistols quickly divested themselves of one, and offered it to a less fortunate friend; and, "Now, old fellow, let you and I have a cheroot together, it may be the last," was a very common proposition. The morning was dark and cold. I saw the Governor-General and Staff as we were filing past; he looked calm, cool, decided, giving orders with his usual precision and energy; but the convulsive twitching of the stump of his mutilated arm proved his anxiety as to the result of the forthcoming struggle. One of his staff rode out, shook hands with me, bade "God bless me." I never saw him more; he was killed, shot through the heart, on the first discharge of grape from the enemy's cannon.

The Adirondack; or, Life in the Woods. By J. T. HEADLEY, author of "Washington and his Generals," &c. New York: Baker and Scribner. 1849. *

MR. HEADLEY, it will be remembered, made his first hit with the public by his rapid, lively, graphic Letters from Italy; a book which offered little of polished taste to the amateur, and nothing of original research to the antiquarian, but which had on every page what, with a due union of interest in the subject, is sure to command the popular suffrage—movement. Movement, movement, movement is the motto of Mr. HEADLEY, as action, action, action was that of DEMOSTHENES. There must be progress. Hence Mr. H.'s choice of subjects, and his method of treating them. The rapid military movements of NAPOLEON, the brilliant onsets of his Marshals, the unflinching, onward career of CROMWELL; a battle-piece, a storm scene, are his delight. His temperament is nervous and excitable, and finds its health in action. He would prefer at any time to write of LUTHER, before MELANCTHON or ERASMIUS, but if he took hold of the latter he would galvanize them in the very slumber of their books and philosophies—just as he delights in exhibiting. WASHINGTON in his impulses, as a man of suppressed fire and temper. Mr. HEADLEY is, in fine, a popular author with his go-a-head countrymen, who find in him (though without the reading and learned illustration) something of the qualities which carry to every house in the land the exciting, enthusiastic narratives of MACAULAY. There may be recklessness, inaccuracy, carelessness of style, but there is excitement and progress. But a rapid style would be nothing were there not naturalness with it—and with Mr. HEADLEY, whether the critics choose to account for it or not, there is a great deal of nature. It is the man himself who is put on paper. We could, for instance, give no better illustration of Mr. HEADLEY's style than he has himself furnished in a passage of these travels in the Adirondack. It is a dark night in a storm on a mountain, and, as usual, the author is anxious to get on. We will see what his principles are on such occasions—like master, like book:—

A NIGHT JOURNEY.

In the meantime, the sky became overcast, and night came down black and threatening. The darkness at length grew so impenetrable that we could not see the horses, nor even the wagon in which we rode. Up long hills, and down into deep gulfs, with the invisible branches sweeping our faces at almost every step, we travelled on, seeing nothing but utter blackness, and not knowing but the next moment we should stumble over a precipice, or be tumbled down the slope of a "dug-way." My driver, in the meantime, got excessively nervous—he had never travelled the road before, and this feeling his way, or rather allowing his horses to feel it without venturing the least control over their movements, seemed to him not the safest mode of procedure, and so after muttering awhile to himself various rather forcible expressions, he stopped and got out. Going to the heads of the horses he commenced leading them. I supposed at first that something was the matter with the harness, and said nothing; but soon finding myself moving on in the darkness, I called out to know what he was doing. "I'm afraid," he replied, "to ride, it is so dark, and I'm going to lead my horses." Just then, there came a bright flash of lightning, revealing the still and boundless forest on every side, and throwing into momentary, but bold relief, shivered trunks and blackened stumps, and last though not least important, the horses, with my driver at their head. An instantaneous and utter blackness followed—falling on everything like a mighty pall—and then came the sullen

* For this notice of a work recently published in America, we are indebted to the Editor of the *New York Literary World*.

thunder, swelling gradually from the low growl into the deep vibrating peal that shook the hills. It was my turn to feel nervous now, and the idea of walking out, a thunder-storm at midnight, in these mountains, was not to be entertained a moment. Unfortunately, I can bear the worst fate better than suspense; so calling out in a tone not to be mistaken, I said, "Come, get in and drive on, and drive fast, too—if we break down, we will bivouac the rest of the night under the wagon, but as for going at this snail's pace, and a thunder-storm gathering over our heads, I will not permit it." With a grunt at my rashness, he clambered in and started on. "Come," said I, "whip up, neck or nothing, I can't stand this." Getting into a smart trot, we passed rapidly along, expecting every moment to feel the shock that should stop us for the night, or find ourselves describing the arc of a circle, down some declivity, the bottom of which we could only speculate upon. Ever and anon came the sudden lightning, rending the gloom, succeeded by the rolling, rattling thunder-peal, that made the horses jump, not to mention our own pulsations. Brushed every few steps by an overhanging branch, as if struck by a mysterious hand, we kept resolutely on—the good horses picking their way like Alpine mules, and the road proving itself to be far better than our fears.

It is impossible for a company not to listen to a narrative of this kind when it is related by a resolute talker with a vigorous air of reality in tone and gesture. It suits the times when transferred to a book—though we have our own opinion that it may be carried too far, and that no style in the end tires more than the extravagant style. Test it by the writings of MACAULAY, and by his most successful passages, as the description of the trial of WARREN HASTINGS. The accessories of the guard in the streets, the soldiery, the marshalling of the Peers, &c., are all very fine, but they have been exhibited before on a thousand state occasions; and after the shock of the first surprise, at the rise of MACAULAY's theatrical curtain, we see little in them. The agrandizement which follows is very striking; "SIDDONS in the prime of her majestic beauty, looking with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage;" "TACITUS thundering;" "the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age side by side;" "the great free, enlightened, and prosperous empire;" "voluptuous charms," &c., to the "peacock hangings of Mrs. MONTAGUE." Now all this is very fine, but it only astonishes once, like the ingenuity of the landscape gardener in Headlong Hall, with his "organ of unexpectedness." The trick is good for nothing a second time. Undoubtedly the trial of HASTINGS was a great occasion, but we feel on reflection that we have been cheated by allowing it to surpass "all the imitations of the stage,"

Presenting Thebes or Pelops line,

as well as the later grandeur of SHAKSPEARE and SCHILLER. We feel that we have been cheated. Now what is to be said of an historical style that appears of most consequence on a first perusal?

This, however, by the way. Mr. HEADLEY's book is a collection of letters written on the spot, in the course of two summer tours in the Northern and Western Counties of the State of New York, a region quite as little known to American readers as that of the range of the Rocky Mountains. Indeed many are familiar, from the travels of FREMONT and others, with the South Pass, even in the city of New York, who know nothing of the remarkable Indian Pass in their own State. The district is a wild one, hitherto comparatively unproductive, and lies out of the highway of travel. It possesses unquestionable charms to the lovers of the picturesque; but what is the picturesque com-

pared to a steamboat route, a mill seat, or a wheat field! When the utilitarian and the beautiful are united, the latter is most highly esteemed. If you would have the charms of a landscape, don't go to the poets, but to the prospectus of an emigration company, the surveyor of unoccupied town lots, the owner of railroad stock, or the enthusiast in steamboat dividends.

Mr. HEADLEY is a gallant explorer, threading rivers, coasting lakes, ascending mountains, landing trout, and "fetching" a deer or a moose. Before, however, entering upon these incidents it is satisfactory to look at the map of the region. This is admirably supplied in an introductory geographical chapter from the pen of Professor BENEDICT, of Vermont University:

"GEOGRAPHICAL SURVEY."

"The northern section of New York, embracing the county of Hamilton, and the most of the counties of Essex, Clinton, Franklin, St. Lawrence, Herkimer, Lewis, Warren, and Fulton, has hitherto resisted the march of improvement, and still remains, with a few solitary exceptions, an unsubdued forest. Until recently, little has been known of its physical resources, and of its adaptedness to the wants of man in his civilized state. Regarded as an unproductive waste, it has left the vague and transient impression on the mind that it answered well enough, the only purpose of its existence, to constitute a barrier between the Mohawk and St. Lawrence Rivers, and to prevent the waters of Lake Ontario from carrying desolation with them into the valley of Champlain. It seems until lately to have failed to awaken that interest in its behalf, to which it is justly entitled, in view of the recent developments of its mineral, and even of its agricultural capabilities.

"This section of country, which is frequently denominated the Plateau of Northern New York, is washed at its western base by the Black River and Lake Ontario—at its northwestern by the St. Lawrence—at its eastern by Lake Champlain—and at its southern by the Mohawk River. Settlements and civilization have advanced from five to twenty-five miles up the valleys and slopes of this elevated table, where they are met by the nearly uninterrupted wilderness of the interior. The general surface of this region, as indicated by the lakes and streams, and in many instances, especially in the western part, of the extensive valleys which they drain, is nearly a horizontal plane, with a medium elevation above tide of 1,700 feet. This elevated surface is attained by a rapid ascent from its base, in a distance of some ten or twenty miles, except where the grade is occasionally reduced, and the distance proportionably increased by valleys and streams. The slope is the most rapid from the Black River and Lake Champlain, declining more gently to the Mohawk, and still more so towards the St. Lawrence and the low country of Canada.

"This table is divided transversely into two nearly equal portions by a broad valley of variable width, which meets the shores of Lake Champlain at Plattsburgh. The valley extends in a south-westerly direction up the Saranac River to the beautiful cluster of lakes of that name—thence with an intervening ridge it passes up the Raquette River, through Long and Raquette Lakes; and thence in the same general direction, and with no opposing barrier, down the Moose River and its chain of picturesque lakes, and terminates in Oneida County, near Boonville. This valley is remarkable for its extent—being about 150 miles in length—for its nearly uniform direction, although it is formed by the basins of three different systems of waters—for the productiveness of its soil in the upper sections of its course—and especially for its almost unparalleled line of natural navigation.

"The western portion of the table, or rather that which is situated west of this valley, presents a varied and picturesque, though not a mountainous surface. The Adirondack Mountains are seen towards the east, with their bare and rocky summits, dim in the distance, projecting their spurs clothed with black forests to the shores of this central line of waters. Proceeding westwardly from this line, the physical aspect of the country undergoes a marked and immediate change. The moun-

tains are reduced to *hills* of moderate elevations; and, instead of being covered with rugged and sterile peaks, their rounded summits display a luxuriant growth of valuable timber. They appear to be disposed without much conformity to any general system of arrangement. They are frequently solitary; and whenever they can aggregate in groups or clusters, their positions are determined by the local arrangements of the neighbouring waters. Between the lakes, or rather ponds, of this uniform section, which are disseminated in singular precision over the whole plateau, the surface rises gently from the shores into swells of arable land, excepting the southern declivities, which are often abrupt and precipitous.

"The eastern part of the plateau, embracing a tract of country about 50 miles wide and 140 miles in length, and terminated by the Raquette Valley on the west, is decidedly Alpine in its physical aspect. Its apparently confused wilderness of mountains is found, on close examination, to be disposed in ranges nearly parallel to the valley above mentioned. These terminate in successive bold and rocky promontories on the western shore of Lake Champlain. The chains increase in elevation as they approach the interior, until they attain their greatest altitude and grandeur in the most western one of the series. This has a northern termination at Trembleau Point, and thrusts its southern extremity into the bed of the Mohawk at Little Falls. It consists of an extended aggregation of mountain masses, resting on bases that are elevated nearly 2,000 feet above tide. Many of these throw their bare and pointed summits of rock to the perpendicular altitude of about a mile above the surface of the ocean. The vastness of their elevations, the almost endless variety of their forms, their confused and disorderly arrangement, and the deep forests that are interrupted only by the lakes at their bases and the rocks and snows of their summits, invest the eastern half of the table with unrivalled solitude and sublimity."

Mr. HEADLEY, in company with the usual guides and a select party of friends, himself first in search of health, afterwards in pursuit of the new found pleasure of the life, moves about in the midst of this grand region, visiting its most interesting localities, picking up legends, sporting incidents, and adventure as he goes along.

Here is a picture of a backwoods incident :

DRIVING TREES.

But felling a single tree is a small matter compared to a process called here "driving trees!" Don't imagine a whole "Birnam" forest on the move "for Dunsinane," like a flock of sheep going to market; but sit down with me here on the side-hill, and look at that opposite mountain slope. Just above that black fallow, or as they call it here "foller," there, in that deep grove, five as good choppers as ever swung an axe, have made the woods ring for the last three hours with their steady strokes, and yet not a tree has fallen. But, look! now one begins to bend—and hark, crack! crack! crash! a whole forest seems falling, and a gap is made like the path of a whirlwind. Those choppers worked both down and up the hill, cutting each tree half in two, until they got twenty or more thus partially severed. They did not cut at random, but chose each tree with reference to another. At length a sufficient number being prepared, they felled one that was certain to strike a second that was half-severed, and this a third, and so on, till fifteen or twenty came at once with that tremendous crash to the ground. Here is labour-saving without machinery. The process is called "driving trees," and it is driving them with a vengeance.

A night in the woods is a good specimen of the author's management of an incident, matched by several similar scenes in the course of the volume, which would bear quotation well; but we prefer a passage from a hunting chapter on

THE MOOSE.

Game of all kinds swarm the forest; bears, wolves, panthers, deer, and moose. I was not aware that so many moose were to be found here: yet I do not believe there is an animal of the African desert with which our people are not more familiar than with it. In size, at least, he is worthy of attention, being much taller than

the ox. You will sometimes find an old bull moose eight feet high. The body is about the size of a cow, while the legs are long and slender, giving to the huge bulk the appearance of being mounted on stilts. The horns are broad, flat, and branching, shooting in a horizontal curve from the head. I saw one pair from a moose that a cousin of Cheney killed, that were nearly four feet across from tip to tip, and the horn itself fifteen inches broad. The speed of these animals through the thick forests seems almost miraculous, when we consider their enormous bulk and branching horns. They seldom break into a gallop, but when roused by a dog, start off on a rapid pace, or half trot, with the nose erect, and the head working sideways to let their horns pass through the branches. They are rarely, if ever, taken by dogs, as they run on the start twenty miles without stopping, over mountains, through swamps, and across lakes and rivers. They are mostly killed early in the spring—being then unable to travel the woods, as the snow is often four or five feet deep, and covered with a thick sharp crust. At these times, and indeed in the early part of winter, they seek out some lonely spot near a spring or water-course, and there "yard," as it is termed; i.e. they trample down the snow around them and browse, eating everything clean as far as they go. Sometimes you will find an old bull moose "yarding" alone, sometimes two or three together. When found in this state, they are easily killed, for they cannot run fast, as they sink nearly up to their backs in the snow at every jump.

Endowed, like most animals, with an instinct that approaches marvellously near to reason, they have another mode of "yarding," which furnishes greater security than the one just described. You know that mountain chains are ordinarily covered with heavy timber, while the hills and swelling knolls at their bases are crowned with a younger growth, furnishing buds and tender sprouts in abundance. If you don't the moose do; and so, during a thaw in January or early spring, when the snow is from three to five feet deep, a big fellow will begin to travel over and around one of these hills. He knows that "after a thaw comes a freeze;" and hence, makes the best use of his time. He will not stop to eat, but keeps moving until the entire hill is *bi*-sected and *inter*-sected from crown to base with paths he himself has made. Therefore, when the weather changes, his field of operations is still left open. The crust freezes almost to the consistency of ice, and yet not sufficiently strong to bear his enormous bulk: little, however, does he care for that; the hill is at his disposal, and he quietly loiters along the paths he has made, "browsing" as he goes—expecting, most rationally, that before he has finished the hill, another thaw will come, when he will be able, without inconvenience, to change his location. Is not this adapting one's self to circumstances?

With a fish story from Raquette Lake we must leave this dashing volume to stimulate the tourists of the coming summer to direct their steps to the Adirondack :—

AN EAGLE AND A SALMON.

About five hundred yards from Beach's hut, stands a lofty pine tree, on which a grey eagle has built its nest annually during the nine years he has lived on the shores of the Raquette. The Indian who dwelt there before him, says that the same pair of birds made their nest on that tree for ten years previous—making in all, nineteen years they have occupied the same spot, and built on the same branch. It is possible, however, that the young may have taken the place of their parents. At all events, Beach believes them to be the same old dwellers, and hence regards them as squatters like himself, and entitled to equal privileges. From his cabin door he can see them in sunshine and storm—quietly perched on the tall pine, or wildly cradled as the mighty fabric bends and sways to the blast. He has become attached to them, and hence requests every one who visits him not to touch them. I verily believe he would like to shoot the man who should harm one of their feathers. They are his companions in that solitude—proud occupants of the same wild home, and hence bound together by a link it would be hard to define, and yet which is as strong as steel. If that pine tree should fall, and those eagles moved away to some other lake, he would feel as if he had lost a friend, and the solitude become doubly lonely.

Thus it is—you cannot by any education or experience drive all the poetry out of a man—it lingers there still, and blazes up unexpectedly—revealing the human heart with all the sympathies, attachments, and tenderness, that belong to it.

He however, one day came near losing his bold eagle. He was lying at anchor, fishing, when he saw his favorite bird high up in heaven, slowly sweeping round and round in a huge circle, evidently awaiting the approach of a fish to the surface. For an hour or more he thus sailed with motionless wings above the water, when all at once he stopped and hovered a moment with an excited gesture—then rapid as a flash of light, and with a rush of his broad pinions, like the passage of a sudden gust of wind, came to the still bosom of the lake. He had seen a huge salmon-trout swimming near the surface—and plunging from his high watchtower, drove his talons deep in his victim's back. So rapid and strong was his swoop that he buried himself out of sight when he struck, but the next moment he emerged into view and flapping his wings, endeavoured to rise with his prey. But this time he had miscalculated his strength; in vain he struggled nobly to lift the salmon from the water. The frightened and bleeding fish made a sudden dive, and took eagle and all out of sight, and was gone a quarter of a minute. Again they arose to the surface, and the strong bird spread his broad, dripping pinions, and gathering force with his rapid blows, raised the salmon half out of water. The weight, however, was too great for him, and he sank again to the surface, beating the water into foam about him. The salmon then made another dive, and they both went under, leaving only a few bubbles to tell where they had gone down. This time they were absent a full half minute, and Beach said he thought it was all over with his bird. He soon, however, reappeared, with his talons still buried in the flesh of his foe, and again made a desperate effort to rise. All this time the fish was shooting like an arrow through the lake, carrying his relentless foe on his back. He could not keep the eagle down, nor the bird carry him up—and so now beneath, and now upon the surface, they struggled on, presenting one of the most singular yet exciting spectacles that can be imagined. It was fearful to witness the blows of the eagle as he lashed the lake with his wings into spray, and made the shores echo with the report. At last, the bird thinking, as they say west, that he had "waked up the wrong passenger" gave it up; and loosening his clutch, soared heavily and slowly away to his lofty pine tree, where he sat for a long time sullen and sulky—the picture of disappointed ambition.

We should remark that the volume is unusually well printed, on stout, firm paper, and has eight steel engravings after the landscapes of DURAND, GIGNOUX, INGHAM, and HILL. The book is dedicated to the author's friend, H. J. RAYMOND.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Zoological Recreations. By W. J. BRODERIP, Esq., F.R.S., &c. Second edition. London: 1849.

Æsop and fabulists have made the animals discourse moral lessons, but the present is rather a presentation of the humorous side of the animated creation. These recreations are published under the approval of that great comparative anatomist, Professor OWEN, and with the hope that the cause of stern science may gain in the succeeding generation recruits from the perusal of these gay and pleasant pages. We hope that CUVIERS and OWENS by the score may spring up from the number of the youthful readers of the pranks of the ape and the elephant. The anecdotes are strung on a good-natured half scientific and antiquarian, and half sporting text, with copious extracts from the rarer and older portions of British poetry. We have a chapter on the singing birds of Europe; the cuckoo, so dear to spring and the poets, is not forgotten. Owls,

parrots, and turkeys, are served up in order, and the question of when and how the latter birds were introduced to the palates of Europeans receives due attention. The instincts and gambols of dogs, cats, and monkeys are recorded, and we get an introduction to the elephant himself. But the character of the book is best displayed by a few extracts.

A JOKE UPON AN ELEPHANT.

A very intelligent elephant was shown some years since in a caravan of wild beasts, at a fair, in the West of England. One of those practical jokers, whose wit lies in pouring melted butter into a friend's pocket, or conveying a putrid oyster into his plate, had been doling out some gingerbread nuts of the first quality to the elephant, who received the instalments, small as they were, with satisfaction and gratitude, manifesting the latter by the spontaneous performance of some of his tricks between the somewhat protracted intervals of supply. Suddenly, his benefactor produced a large paper parcel, weighing some two or three pounds, and presented it *en masse*. The elephant took it as it was, and consigned the whole to his powerful crushing-mill. Hardly, however, had he swallowed the dose, before he gave a loud roar, and exhibited all the symptoms of suffering severely from internal heat, handing—yes, handing, for the trunk acted as dexterously as a hand—the bucket to his keeper, as if beseeching for water, which was given to him and of which he continued to pour floods sufficient to drive a mill, down his capacious and burning throat.

"Ha!" said the joker, addressing his victim, "those nuts were a trifle hot, old fellow, I guess."

"You had better be off," exclaimed the keeper, "unless you want the bucket at your head, and serve you right, too."

The dispenser of ginger and pepper took the hint; for there was an angry glance in the drinker's eye, while the distressed beast was pumping up his sixth bucketful; and in good time he took it, for he had scarcely cleared the entrance of the show, when the empty bucket was hurled after him by the elephant, with such force and correctness of aim, that if he had been a moment later, his joking would, in all probability, have been terminated with his life, on the spot.

A year had passed away, and the wayfarers from the country villages trod over the withered leaves that had, when fresh, green and vigorous, shielded their heads from the burning summer's sun, as they again bent their steps to the same annual autumnal fair, where the elephant had been before exhibited, and where he was again ready to receive company.

Our joker was again among his visitors, and forgetful of his narrow escape from the bucket, which at the time another wit observed that he had been near kicking, came as before, with one coat pocket filled with "best nuts," and the other with hot nuts. He gave the elephant two or three nuts from the best sample, and then drew forth and presented him with a hot one. No sooner had the elephant tasted it, than he seized the coat tails of his tormentor, and with one whirling sweep with his trunk lifted him from the ground, till, the tails giving way, the man dropped half dead with fright, and with his coat reduced to a jacket. The elephant, meanwhile, quietly inserted the end of his trunk into the pocket containing the best nuts, and leisurely proceeded, keeping his foot on the coat tails, to discuss every nut of them. When he had finished the last, he tramped upon the pocket containing the hot nuts, till he had reduced them to a mash, and then, after having torn the tail to rags, threw the soiled fragments at the head of his facetious friend, amid the derision of the assembled crowd.

In the chapter on owls, he describes a sporting adventure which befel a cockney sportsman of the WINKLE school :-

COCKNEY SPORTING.

From some turnip field hard by a plantation, or a tuft of rushes close to a copse on a moist hill side, up springs a russet-plumaged bird, and is in the cover in a moment. The eager shooter "catches a glint on on in," as an old keeper used to say, through the trees: bang goes the gun. "That's the first cock of the season!" exclaims he exultingly. Up comes John, who has

been sent, ostensibly, to attend him, but really, to take care of him.

"I'm sure he's down," pointing to the cover—as many are apt to say when they shoot at a cock without being able to produce the body. "Well—let's look, sir—where did a drop?"

"There, just by that holly." In they go, retriever and all. "There he lies," cries the delighted shot, loading his gun triumphantly in measureless content, "dead as Harry the Eighth. I knew he was down—there—just where I said he was, close by that mossy stump—can't you see?"

"Iss, sir, I see well enough, but I don't like the looks on 'in': his head's a trifle too big, and a do lie too flat on his face."

"Pick up the cock, I say," rejoins our hero, somewhat nettled.

"I can't do that, sir," says John, lifting a fine specimen of *otus palustris*, and holding it up to the blank-looking cockney, amid the suppressed laughter of those confounded fellows who attend to mark not only the game, but the number of spots that are missed on their abominable notched sticks.

"Never mind, sir," adds the comforter, John, "if 'taint a cock, a did kip company wi' em; and a's curons like, you haunt killed nothin else to day, I'd bag un if I was you: he'll look uncommon well in a glass case."

After the elephants are disposed of, the book winds up with an account of the dragons and gigantic creeping things that in the days of the week of the creation before Adam luxuriated in the mire, now named the oolite and weald formations. The natural history of these monsters, so anomalous and strange, these dragon forms crawling the earth, scouring the ancient seas, and flitting in the twilight and dusky air, sketched by the hand of science, seems to realize the dreams of heraldry and fable, and prove truth still stranger even than fiction.

FICTION.

Fairy Tales and Romances, written by Count ANTHONY HAMILTON, author of "The Memoirs of Grammont." Translated from the French by M. LEWIS, H. T. RYDE, and C. KENNEY. London: H. G. Bohn, 1849. (Extra Volume.)

COUNT HAMILTON'S wit is already familiar to those who have made the French language a study. His tales were confessedly written as competitors of GAL- LAND's version of *The Arabian Nights*, which had been so enthusiastically admired at the court of Versailles, as to call forth his rillery. And these effusions are both amusing and skilful. HAMILTON had deep resources of mind, as his *Memoirs of Grammont* proved, and his knowledge of aristocratic life in France enabled him the more readily to write a series of tales which, while their *animus* was only too apparent, should not offend his patrons. Of the four tales presented in this volume, only *The Four Facardins* has hitherto appeared in an English dress. The others are *Zeneyda*, *The Story of Mayflower*, *The Ram*, and *The Enchanted Faustus*. And all who have been elated by the gorgeous tales of the East, cannot fail to be greatly diverted by HAMILTON's lively and talented ridicule of these supernatural pictures.

Tales of the First French Revolution. Collected by the author of "Emilia Wyndham." London: Sims and McIntyre. 1849. (Vol. XXXI. of the Parlour Library.)

THE aim of the compiler of these tales has been to present in the shape of fiction, an historical account of the personages of the revolution. She has selected four tales from the works of three different authors, having reference severally to the periods of the Convention, the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire. And she appears to have had a political and a social aim—to disarm the crowd of the radicalism that is almost innate with the temperament of the lower classes, or, in her own words, to teach a very common truth, "that revolutions are not the wisest means to employ for advancing the condition, or diminishing the pains of

humanity." But notwithstanding her philosophic aim, neither the editress nor the authors of the tales have shown how revolutions are to be avoided—how, while kings and rulers continue to be corrupt, people shall be made pure—how tyranny shall cease to beget rebellion. Nevertheless, the volume is a very readable one, and will not fail to enhance the reputation of the "Parlour Library," for the translations are well executed.

Waverly Novels. Vols. XXI., XXII., XXIII., XXIV. Cadell, Edinburgh. 1849.

THESE are further contributions to the cheap and elegant edition of Sir WALTER SCOTT's works, which we have before referred to. They continue to be as neatly printed, and as carefully illustrated as at the onset. These volumes contain *Highland Widow*, *Fair Maid of Perth* (2 vols.), and the first half of *Anne of Geirstein*.

The Log Cabin. By Mrs. LEE. (Slater's Home Library.)

AN edition of the *Log Cabin* for sixpence!

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The Illustrated Atlas and Modern History of the World: Geographical, Political, Commercial, and Statistical. Edited by R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN, Esq. Parts 8 and 9. Tallis.

THESE parts contain maps of "Sweden and Norway," "China," "Belgium," and "Turkey in Europe," with the appropriate letter-press.

RELIGION.

The Hill Difficulty; or, the Temptations, the Trials, the Peace, and the Rest of a Christian Pilgrim emblematically and practically considered. Six Allegories and other Similitudes. By GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D. London: Sampson Low. 1849.

WE remember reading with much pleasure one of Dr. CHEEVER's former works—"Wanderings in the Shadow of Mont Blanc." The moral and religious reflections were natural emanations from the subject,—not strained or forced, as in the volume now before us. Religious allegory has been nearly exhausted; a circumstance by no means to be regretted, considering the puerilities it so often involves. We would not wish to detract from the merit of the original "Pilgrim's Progress," which we deem one of the best sustained allegories, and one of the finest prose poems in the language. Its sphere of usefulness, too, has been wide, and will doubtless long continue; we only regret that the idea should be reproduced by those who are capable of originating something for themselves.

On the whole, the reflections in this little volume are trite and common-place. There is a manifest effort in the religious tone which the author has adopted;—not that we think he does not possess the feeling, but rather that it becomes monotonous from its constant repetition and unvarying sameness. There is but little scope for the intellect, though much exercise for the emotions. We believe it is a style that will find plenty of admirers, though we fear we cannot rank ourselves among the number. The simple grandeur of the sacred writings are not to be imitated—copyists often degenerate into childishness, and even into absurdity, and we have to regret that the author does not write in a manner more consonant with the feelings and mental advancement of the age in which we live. The following is a fair specimen of the book:

I had a sight of this hill difficulty lately, as in a trance, in which I looked, and saw a great variety of

characters labouring up. There was a bright light at the summit, and a vast, dark, wild-looking plain at the base; but so far as the sight was concerned the hill seemed to me to constitute the whole of the Christian life; for the top of the hill, and the winged cars in waiting, were out of sight ordinarily, and only now and then I seemed to be raised where I could see them floating in light. But I watched with exceeding great interest the progress of the various multitude. Some were going up, some were going back. Some set out with great apparent zeal at first, but soon became tired and turned away disgusted with the labour. . . . Some seemed to take the hill very hard, others more leisurely. Some disengaged themselves of every thing but what was absolutely necessary to a becoming appearance as pilgrims, saying among themselves, we brought nothing into the world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out; others took an immense quantity of luggage, and various unnecessary burdens along with them. I thought of the text, "Laying aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us, let us run with patience the race that is set before us." . . . Some of the pilgrims were in plain russet garb—travel-stained and dusty, yet strong and useful garments, easily brushed, and fitted for a path over craggy mountains. There were others in elegant and costly dresses, with gold and pearls, and broderied array, which it cost a great deal of time and care to keep in the least order, and which greatly interfered with the progress of the wearers. Indeed, to see them thus arrayed for so laborious a pilgrimage seemed ridiculous. . . . It may seem strange, but it is no less true, that there were some who made provision for amusements by the way, thinking that it would be a dreary life if they had nothing to do but climbing. Sometimes they went so far as to club together, and hire companies of musicians, who could pitch a tent here and there, where a bit of table-land, with green grass, might be found among the crags of the hill, as often perhaps as every Saturday night, and so enliven the pilgrimage. Out of these materials they contrived to make up a kind of Christian Opera, which was thought to be good for low spirits. And besides this they had Tabernacular concerts, imitated from the plains below, and public readings of Shakspeare. It was said to be as great a shame that the devil should keep all the amusements of life for his purposes in the plains, as that he should keep all the best music to himself, as he had always done. . . . Some thought that these things could be better managed by all for themselves, without need of any regulations, and that they might very well have dancing schools for the children, and French conversations to keep up their accomplishments.

Had not the well-known name of the author been affixed to the volume we should really have been inclined to suppose that some enemy to religion had written the above in derision. At a time when traitors from within, and assailants from without, are attacking the fortress of Christianity, her friends and well-wishers should carefully avoid bringing down odium or ridicule on the cause they would advance. Religion has, indeed, suffered much, humanly speaking, from injudicious advocates; and this is not an age when puerilities will be allowed to pass unnoticed; the test of reason is applied to all creeds and formulas—it is not the day for works of supererogation, or the dogmas of superstition, but we do believe and earnestly hope that true religion is rapidly extending its influence.

The other portions of the work before us, "The Two Ways and the Two Ends," and "The Two Temptations," are much in the same style as the preceding, but "Notes of Nature's Scenes," are written far more pleasantly. They are natural and unrestrained reflections on the beauties of creation, and the goodness of the Creator. The following is a relief from the platitude we have endured.

There are few places more beautiful than Williams-town. What a noble range of dark, verdant mountains, filling the horizon, rising in majestic amphitheatres on all sides! How deep and rich the hue of the foliage,

how varied and soul-like the aspect of all nature! The green mountain slopes, with forest glades and broad pasture, mingled with soft meadows, dotted with clumps of trees, surround the village, and form a scene varying in beauty every hour in the day, and every change in the sunlight. And what a change does the sunlight make! Take a day like this,—of clouds somewhat heavy, and threatening rain, with some sprinklings of it at intervals,—and you may ride about, and think the scenery beautiful, even in such a leaden misty atmosphere. But if, as to-day, the sun comes out at evening, if the clouds are swept from the sky, and a clear sunset pours its golden light over the mountains, and bathes the meadows, the trees, and the village, it seems a new creation. You should be upon the hills to witness the breaking of this sunset from west to east. Now its glory travels down into the valley, and up the richly wooded mountain, driving away the mists, or setting them on fire among the foliage. . . . No place is more favourable for witnessing the processes of nature, and the changes of the seasons. The gorgeousness of the forests in Autumn, when the frost, that magic painter of the foliage, begins to change their hues, passes all description. The freaks which the frost plays upon the mountain tops, before it gets down into the valley, are beautiful.

There are many isolated passages like this, equally worthy perusal.

An Introduction to the use of Scriptural Analogies designed for the use of Schools and Simple-minded Christians. Second Edition. Simpkin and Co.

A SECOND edition of a work, which we have before spoken of favourably, and the painstaking and simplicity of which we still admire.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Evils of England, Social and Economical. By a London Physician. London: Parker. 1849.

We believe we are violating no confidence in stating that the author of this useful and sensible little volume is a professor of some note, whose exertions on behalf of sanitary improvement by means of personal examination, scientific investigation, reports, lectures and speeches have mainly tended to produce the present movement on behalf of that social reform which promises to produce far more substantial advantages to the community than they have yet obtained, or can hope to obtain from political reform. The benefit of possessing the suffrage is remote and contingent: that of removing a nuisance, clearing away disease and fostering health, is personal and palpable—by so much the more honour should be given to the annihilator of pestilence than to the annihilator of a monopoly.

But the physician's object in the pages before us, is to lift up his voice of warning against evils which are worse than plagues, because they are ever among us, and cherished by public opinion as if they were blessings instead of curses to the community. It demands great moral courage for a man boldly to avow that mendicancy is a mischief which should be suppressed without remorse; that many of the charities of which we are so proud are positive evils to society, and that poor-laws in any shape make more misery than they cure, and must sooner or later destroy the richest country by the pauperism they breed. Yet such are the arguments of this earnest essay, calmly asserted by a man who has observed much and thought much, whose life has been spent among the classes for whom those things were intended, and whose motives at least nobody will presume to question, because the ready answer will be the hours of labour

devoted for years past to the improvement of the condition of the poor.

He commences with a statement of the importance of the condition of England question to all, but especially to the working classes:

When I think (he says) of the lot of the largest section of that class, I must confess that my blood boils within me as I see the honest and hard-working English labourer, with an Irish rebel on one shoulder, an English pauper on the other, a dead weight of taxation on his back, and a crowd of beggars, thieves, and vagrants pulling at his skirts and picking his pockets. How he stands up under it I do not know. That he does contrive, Atlas-like, to bear up this world of difficulties, and, more than that, to use his hands and arms as to make this England of ours the richest, most prosperous and most powerful empire the sun ever shone upon, is to me the wonder of wonders. I know nothing half so marvellous. Some people will explain it all by talking of our "glorious constitution;" others will discourse learnedly about the "Anglo-Saxon race;" but, for my part, though I admit that the constitution has something to do with it, and that race has something to do with it, I must express my own conviction that England is what she is much more through hard work than from all other causes put together. If we had been an idle people, England would be what Ireland is; if Ireland had been industrious, she would be now what we are.

In the next section the author inquires, "What hope of England?" And the answer is, that there is hope, if there be also courage to eradicate the disease that is eating into her vitals. The first great sore to be dealt with is mendicancy.

Street beggars are not merely a nuisance: they are a moral pestilence. Not only do they plunder the rest of the community to a vast amount, but they use that plunder for the propagation of evil. Every person who gives a penny to a street beggar commits a crime, because he thereby encourages vice. That penny so given to support profligacy and crime, laid out in any shop even to buy a bun, would go towards the support of honest industry. But by giving to the idle beggar you take from the honest workman. There is also an intimate connexion between

BEGGARS AND THIEVES.

I have a theory, to which I attach some importance, that in a large number of instances the trade of the thief would not pay unless it were combined with that of the beggar. In the person of the vagrant-beggar, or tramp, the two callings are notoriously combined, as the farmer knows to his cost. If I am right, it must follow that the patron of beggars is unconsciously the friend of thieves. Every one who knows anything of the haunts of the filthy and ragged population of our large towns, knows that the thieves' den is also the beggars' dwelling. If they are not always the same persons, they are to be found pigging together under the same roof. What a system of mutual instruction! What an interchange of experiences! What pleasant ridicule of the credulity of the genius Verisopht. What outpourings of that gratitude which has been so bitterly defined as the expectation of favours to come! Would that those who do all this unconscious mischief could hear and see what any man with an atom of fancy can imagine! There is much of broad farce and low comedy, doubtless, but there is also in begging and thieving an element of the tragic which it is not safe for a nation to overlook or disregard. In the shocking brutality which figures almost daily before our magistrates—in the murderous onslaughts on the police, and in the desperate acts of resistance to authority, the sturdy beggar emulates the thief.

Daily experience proves also that there is much truth in the following remarks on

PRISONS.

Among the ingenious contrivances which we have fallen upon for emptying the pocket of the rate-payer, and diminishing the labour fund, the multiplication of prisons is deserving of a prominent place. A little urchin of ten years of age robs his schoolfellow of a

sixpence, and spends it. The schoolmaster insists upon repayment, reads him a lecture on the sin he has committed, selects the best of his birch rods or a well-waxed cane, administers a little wholesome corporal punishment, and sends him back to his studies. The boy either repents of the experimental essay in appropriation, or, if the propensity be too strong, he is expelled the school. But the State is so enamoured of costly punishments, that she sends even the juvenile offender to prison; that is to say, she consigns him, for a month or more, to a very clean, airy, and comfortable building, where, in exchange for loss of liberty, he is well fed and decently clothed. In a word, he is introduced into a scene which contrasts in every respect most favourably with the pigsty in which his parents found shelter, and in all human probability, experiences at least as much kindness as has ever been shown him elsewhere. Every one who reads the newspapers knows that the prison is made so much more comfortable than the workhouse, that it is well worth the while of the pauper tramp to break a few windows that he may enjoy the welcome change. Now all this is very preposterous.

We cannot, however, agree with the physician, that flogging is the best punishment, for the tendency of it is to brutalize further those who are already too brutal.

This is the argument against

POOR-LAWS.

First, then, as to general principles; is it necessary that I should repeat the opinion just expressed, that just as an individual of fixed income, and living up to it, cannot undertake to supply a man with work or food, except at the expense of those already employed and fed, so a nation can maintain Labour-laws or Poor-laws in no other way than by diminishing the labour fund by which the people are already employed and fed. The effects of the abstraction must be, firstly, that a certain number of men are thrown entirely out of work; secondly, that the wages of sundry others are lowered; thirdly, that the money which, if left where it was, would have circulated briskly from hand to hand, is subject to certain inconvenient arrests in the hands of the taxgatherer; and, fourthly, that the struggling rate-payer, who is barely keeping soul and body together, is reduced at last to depend on the very fund by which he has been ruined. Say that the money annually expended on the poor in England and Wales amounts to five millions, the labour fund is diminished to that extent, and five millions' worth of misery is created in the persons of the most honest and industrious members of society. If we take the families of the labouring class in England and Wales at two millions five hundred thousand, each family would lose, on an average, two pounds a year, or about ninepence farthing a week—a by no means unwelcome addition to the average earnings of our industrious population. I say, then, that it is not possible that Poor-laws should effect a balance of good. But I go much further, for I contend that if these five millions had been left in the hands of the rate-payers, a certain portion of it would be necessarily employed in reproductive labour by which the wealth of the country would be augmented. This cannot be affirmed of any part of the money expended by the Poor-law authorities. Poor-laws, then, are wasteful laws. They are also unjust laws, if it can be shown that the people whom they relieve in workhouses are less deserving than those whom they deprive of their resources out of it.

Then there is a fearful waste of material—a waste of labour, and of talent, as in the study

LATIN AND GREEK.

The worship of dead men—their words, thoughts, and works—is very natural, if not very reasonable. It is always pleasant to turn aside from the sad realities of the present to the more agreeable abstractions of the past or future; from the visible vice, folly, and misery which shock us now, to the misty virtues of the middle ages, or the promised peace and prosperity of the twentieth century. But to indulge in such pleasing prospect and retrospect, is to leave present painful duties unperformed. What better does he do who, without a direct practical aim, such as scriptural interpretation,

gives a life to the worship of the Latin and Greek tongues? What more reasonable course does the nation pursue which fills up nine-tenths of the precious time of boyhood and youth with the study of dead languages, the composition of Latin and Greek verses, and the perusal of the disgusting details of a monstrous mythology. The advocates of this preposterous system have a hundred excellent arguments in its favour. They claim for it every distinguished man who happens to have passed through the classical curriculum, forgetting that no opportunity has been yet offered of fairly comparing this system of education with any other. They attribute to it all the graces and charms of style which have distinguished our best English authors, wilfully overlooking some of the purest writers, to whom the classics have been sealed books. They enlarge upon the excellent training of the mind which the study of an acknowledged perfect language, such as the Greek, affords, especially by preparing it to appreciate that probable evidence with which the mathematics do not deal; overlooking the obvious fact, that in all the business of life the exercise of the senses, which all abstract studies must tend to blunt, and deductions drawn from things seen, are of paramount importance; in a word, that life is a course of observation and experiment reduced to practice, for which the study of verbal refinements is a most inadequate preparation. Then we are told of the models of patriotic virtue which the classic times afforded, as if the Greeks and Romans were the only people who have produced heroes. Again, the study of Latin and Greek has the credit of making gentlemen; as if it were not notorious that clean hands, clean faces, and clean linen, and the comforts and luxuries which surround the future classic scholar from his cradle, and attend him through life, with the access to good English books, and good English society, were not all-sufficient for the purpose. The restraints of the nursery and the drawing-room, and the discipline of the school and college, if English were the only language studied, and arithmetic, history, and a selection from the sciences of observation and experiment made up the rest of the boy's pursuits, would be quite as competent to make a gentleman out of him, as Latin and Greek poems, histories and plays, with prose and verse compositions into the bargain. One consideration which weighs with me, in thus undervaluing the study of the dead languages as instruments of refinement, is the remarkable civilization of the Greeks themselves, who do not appear to have studied any other language but their own. Perhaps their chief misfortune was, that they attached too much importance to style, and were only too apt to be blown about by every wind of eloquence.

There is a waste of powder and shot as in the African blockade, and needless preparations for war; a waste of men in emigration, a waste of health and life through neglect of sanatory laws: there is overwork, and the habit of running into debt, and our physician concludes with this

SUMMARY.

The upshot and summary of the whole matter is this, that England has systematically and perseveringly fostered idleness and discouraged industry; that she has picked the pockets of the industrious to sustain all sorts of worthless vagabonds in filthy luxury; that she adopts every form of ingenious contrivance for exhausting the labour-fund; and that she has put herself in the false position of palliating the evils which she should have prevented. The remedy is as plain as the disease. It consists in declaring open war against the whole race of beggars and indiscriminate alms-givers, in abolishing the poor-laws, discouraging every form of waste, and holding out the threat of starvation as the just punishment for idleness, drunkenness, and improvidence. This theory is as merciful as our present practice is cruel and unjust. How this theory may be carried out, and by what successive steps we may most safely and speedily arrive at the total abolition of the poor-law, it does not consist with my present limited object to explain. An early opportunity may perhaps be afforded me of treating this momentous subject. In the meantime, individuals may do much to discourage by example and precept every form of indiscriminate alms-giving. This instalment of justice to the working

class would be felt through every grade of the great industrial community.

In all this there is no *sentiment*, but a great deal of *sense*. At present, sentiment holds sway: but when it has brought us to the verge of ruin, *sense* may perchance be listened to.

MUSIC.

Oh! Wilt thou ever think of me? (L'Addio), a ballad, written and composed by GEORGE J. O. ALLMANN. Lewis & Johnson.

MR. ALLMANN's fecundity is astonishing. He will soon be the Dumas of the musical world. And like the great fictionist, he improves as he multiplies. This ballad is such as *must* become popular, having all the elements of a lovable composition. Its melody is peculiarly sweet and winning, one that makes a hearer think as well as admire—one that combines the harmony of sound with truthfulness to its subject. It is inscribed to "C. W." and, we presume, was intended as a wedding-day address. The poetry, though not of a high order, is superior to the mediocre that has become so plentiful an accompaniment of our time.

Wood's edition of the Songs of Scotland. No. XXX. This number (a double one,) contains eight different songs, besides index and title, &c., to previous volumes. It is an astonishingly cheap compilation.

ST. GEORGE'S HARMONIC SOCIETY.—This society, which offers so many advantages both to the amateur who wishes to take part in vocal performances, and to subscribers who are entitled to an admission to a series of nine chamber performances, will commence its second season on Friday the 19th October next.

BOOKS, MUSIC, AND WORKS OF ART

RECEIVED FOR REVIEW,

From July 30, to August 30, 1849.

[SOME errors in delivery having occurred, we purpose, in future, to acknowledge the receipt of all Books, Music, and Works of Art forwarded for review, and which will be noticed with all convenient speed. Publishers and Authors are requested to apprise the Editor of any Works sent that may not appear in this List.]

From Mr. J. ALLEN. Charlotte Temple; or A Tale of Truth. (Mitchell's Series, Vol. 1.

From Mr. H. G. BOHN. Count Hamilton's Fairy Tales.

From Mr. W. J. CLEAVER. Life and Literary Remains of Barbara Hofland. The Ancient Knight.

From MESSRS. DARLING. Scraps and Sketches for an Idle Half-Hour.

From Mr. R. CADELL. Highland Widow—Fair Maid of Perth, 2 vols.—Anne of Geierstein, Vol. 1. (Vols. 41 to 44 of Scott's Novels.)

From MR. GEORGE SLATER. Longfellow's Kavanagh. A Tale. The Home. Vol. 2.

Emerson's Orations, Lectures, and Essays. The Twins, and other Tales.

Lamartine's Raphael.

From MESSRS. SIMPKIN and CO. An Introduction to the Study of Scriptural Analogies. Castelnau; or the Ancient Regime. (Vol. 21 of James's Works.)

From Mr. C. FOX. Fox's Religious Ideas.

From MESSRS. NICHOLS and SON. Pilgrimages to St. Mary of Walsingham.

From Mr. WILLIAM PICKERING. On the Responsibilities of Employers.

From Mr. G. P. PUTNAM. A Lift for the Lazy.

From Mr. J. WATSON. Public Speaking and Debate. By G. J. Holyoake.

From MESSRS. TAYLOR, WALTON, and CO. Latham's English Grammar.

From MESSRS. LEWIS and JOHNSON. One Piece of Music.

From MESSRS. SIMMS and MCINTYRE. Tales of the French Revolution. (Parlour Library.) An Autobiography. By Chateaubriand. Vol. 3.

From Mr. JAMES MADDEN. Facts and Reflections. By a Subaltern of the Indian Army. Clarridge's Cold Water, &c., Cure.

From Messrs. HALL, VIRTUE, and Co.
Stratagems. A Story for Young People.
From Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, and Co.
An Account of the Settlement of New Plymouth in New Zealand.
Ernest Di Ripalta. A Tale. 3 vols.
From Mr. E. WILSON.
Owen's Revolution in Mind and Practice.
From Mr. T. C. NEWBRE.
Before and After. 2 vols.
Maternal Love. A Novel. 3 vols.
From MESSRS. WERTHEIM and MACINTOSH.
The Country and London. A Tale.
The Material and Intellectual Universe.
A Brief Memoir of the Rev. Charles Simeon.
From Mr. JOHN CHAPMAN.
Religious Ignorance. Its Causes and Cure. A Tract.

ART.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

MR. ANSDELL's clever picture of the "Wounded Blood-hound" is being engraved by Mr. Davey for publication by Mr. Grundy, of Regent-street. The work is of the school of Landseer.—M. Sangiovanni, has recently produced some very pleasing groups, representing dogs, animals of the chase, and brigands, besides some statuettes of several of the military heroes and statesmen of the present day.—Scaffoldings have been erected since the prorogation of parliament, to enable the artists to complete the frescoes in the new House of Lords. Preparations are also being made to put in the additional painted window: and considerable progress has been made in executing the frescoes in the Victoria Gallery.—Her Majesty has, we understand, become the purchaser of a picture just completed by Mr. W. E. Frost. The subject, "The Disarming of Cupid," is suggested by a sonnet of Shakspere, and is said to be one of the best works of this rising painter. The public will no doubt have an opportunity hereafter of judging of its merits for themselves.—Some few intimate friends of the late Right Hon. Charles Buller, M.P., including nearly all of Her Majesty's ministers, purpose erecting a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey, between the tombs of Horner and Warren Hastings. The committee to whom has been entrusted the completion of the preliminary arrangements, asked permission of Dean Buckland to place the intended bust and tablet in the position indicated, and their request was willingly complied with.—The inhabitants of Sherborne are busy restoring their beautiful parish church.—It was announced, when the distribution of prizes was made by his Royal Highness Prince Albert at the Society of Arts in June last, that the Society hoped to be enabled to organize a great national exhibition of manufactures in 1851. We have reason to believe that since that time his Royal Highness, as president of the Society, has been actively engaged in devising a plan of an exhibition which shall worthily represent the present manufacturing position of this country. We hear that it is contemplated that, for the first time in the annals of similar institutions, this exposition shall be not national only, but as far as possible universal, embracing the products, machinery, and manufactures of our own country, our colonies, and all nations. It is proposed to give large money prizes and medals, which shall be awarded by a tribunal so elevated above all the interests of competition as to inspire the utmost confidence. The whole undertaking is in some way to have a national sanction given to it, but the taxation of the country is not to be called upon to provide the funds.—The *Athenaeum* states that a curious work has been undertaken by the artists of Paris: "Our readers will remember that we mentioned some weeks since a fire which had taken place in the Bazaar Bonne-Nouvelle, in which building the Association of Painters had just arranged their works for exhibition:—by which fire the two dioramic pictures of M. Bouton were destroyed. The works of the artist-painters escaped:—and the labour which they are now announced to have undertaken would seem to be in the nature of a votive offering. In the gallery so spared all the members of their body who have any name in Art are about to work in combination, under the direction of M. Léon Coignet, on a gigantic picture representing the burning of the bazaar. That this piece of Mosaic may be a complete autograph of Parisian Art, the body of sculptors have insisted on contributing to the record. Each chisel of eminence is to be employed on the frame in which the picture is to be inclosed."

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

STRAND THEATRE.—*Katty from Connaught*, is the title of a *bagatelle* (understood to be from the pen of Mrs. ALFRED PHILLIPS), produced at this theatre on Monday with complete success. The plot is extremely simple, and may be briefly detailed: The *Hon. Mabel Clarendon* (Mrs. ALFRED PHILLIPS), prior to her compulsory marriage with *Mr. Clarendon*, loved, and was in turn beloved, by *Sir George Ellis* (Mr. H. BUTLER), who, at the period of her marriage, quitted England, determined, as his valet *Tom Stubble* (Mr. TURNER), subsequently declares, that "millions of miles" should thenceforward separate him from his fair enslaver. In the meantime, *Mr. Clarendon*, who had become the husband of *Mabel* in compliance with the terms of her father's will, dies, and his widow resolves to achieve the conquest of her first love. *Sir George*, having passed a probationary seven years abroad, returns to his native country, and is straightway invited to spend a few days at Stanfield Hall, whither, some weeks previously, *Mabel* had installed herself, under the assumed name and character of *Katty Scallion*, an incipient lady's maid, newly imported from the wilds of Connaught, to whom *Lady Stanfield* (Miss ADAMS), had taken a fancy during her travels, on account of the likeness she bore to "poor dead and gone *Mabel*." *Sir George* duly arrives at the hall, where he learns, for the first time, the death of *Mabel*. His attention to *Katty* is quickly attracted by her extreme likeness to his lost *Mabel*, and informed by *Lady Stanfield* of her intention to educate and adopt *Katty* as a companion, he proffers his assistance in the capacity of tutor. Here, however, he is "at fault," for he soon discovers his fair pupil to be already an adept in all that he proposes to teach, and as if conscious of her superior powers of tutelage, becomes himself the recipient of a course of lessons on the art of love-making. He now finds he is treading dangerous ground, and having resolved to tear himself from the toils of the enchantress, is on the point of relinquishing the hospitalities of Stanfield Hall, when *Katty* effects a *dénouement* by revealing her true character and the object of her disguise. By the above outline it will be seen that the plot of *Katty from Connaught* has little claim to consideration. Not so, however, the dialogue, which is fresh and sparkling. The acting of Mrs. PHILLIPS was admirable throughout. Her clever assumption of the pure silvery brogue of the daughters of Erin, at once enlisted the sympathy of the audience, by whom she was heartily applauded, and called for at the termination of the piece. The other characters were well sustained. The performances concluded with *My first and last Courtship*, in which Mr. W. FARREN, and Mrs. STIRLING, nightly delight the crowds who flock to this really agreeable little theatre.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

MR. WEBSTER has succeeded in securing the services of Mr. MACREADY. His engagement will commence on the 15th of October, when he will perform for two months, subsequently to which Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES KEAN are retained for a period of four months. Mr. MACREADY will then return for two months, and has bound himself that, at their expiration, he will finally leave the stage. During these two engagements he will appear in thirty-five different characters.—*Standard*.—The Directors of the Philharmonic Society elected for next season are Messrs. Anderson, Calkin, Chatterton, Griesbach, Lucas, M'Murdie, and Neate.—A new musical periodical, "The Euterpean," has adopted the plan of offering four quarterly prizes of £10. each,—the first (to be competed for by the musical profession only), for the best "Trio, Quartett, or Concerted Piece;" the second, "for the best Ballad, Song," &c. (to be competed for by amateurs only); the third, "for the best one-act Farce and Interlude;" the fourth, "for the best Literary Essay on some subject connected with music and the drama,"—these two "open to all qualified subscribers."—The whole of the property in the Paris Italien Opera has been seized and sold to liquidate the debts owing by the proprietors.—The rehearsal of the music to be performed at the Birmingham Musical Festival, which commences on the 4th of September,

has proceeded satisfactorily; and this week, Mr. Costa, the conductor, will superintend them in person. Whatever may be the pecuniary success of the festival, the fact is beyond doubt that in respect to the number and character of the performers, and the excellence of the selections, it is far in advance of any preceding meeting.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

A DECLARATION.

By CALDER CAMPBELL.

The arguments and shows of truth
Which love requires are few;
Nor would I wrong thy trusting youth
By breathing—false or true—
Such words as are not needful when
Heart speaks to heart 'twixt honest men.
Thou wouldest but turn in quick amaze
Thine eyes upon my face,
And try to read by one swift gaze
What tongue had failed to trace,
Interpreting in vain why I
Should vow a vow of constancy.
No vows doth truth demand of truth,—
No oath love seek from love!—
And if mine age from thy fresh youth
Look for such thoughts as move
Congenial years, then I but sign
Myself unfit for worth like thine!
I love thee,—but with nought that breathes
Of youthful fervours,—nought
That sullies pure affection's wreaths
By any passion caught
From earth, to make whate'er it seeks
Fall down to earth with crimson'd cheeks!
As friend,—almost as father,—quite
As brother, do I feel
For thee; nor would I speak, or write,
One word that could reveal
A tenderer wish than that which thou,
Couldst read upon a parent's brow!
Then thou, in all thy trusting youth,
Must still believe me true:
"The arguments and shows of truth,
"Which love requires are few!"
And therefore thou wouldest ask for none
But those thou read'st my face upon!

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE STATUS OF THE JEWS IN ENGLAND
AND THE "ATHENÆUM" JOURNAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SERLE'S CHAMBERS, CAREY-STREET,

LINCOLN'S INN, August 23, 1849.

SIR,—Perhaps you will, with your characteristic impartiality, insert in the CRITIC the following brief reply to an article which recently appeared in the *Athenæum*, on "The Status of the Jews." The Status has been published about twelve months; during that period it has been reviewed by several of the ablest critics of the age, and all noticed it favourably; for, although some of the journalists differed with the author on the policy of admitting Jews into Parliament, yet those gentlemen candidly acknowledged that he had displayed in the performance of his task, ability, industry, and research. Ten months back, the editor of the *Athenæum* reviewed the Status, and amongst other things, then said: "The whole is executed with care, and the historical narrative is remarkably clear and succinct."—(*Athenæum*, October 21st, 1848.) On the 11th inst., however, the editor of the *Athenæum* published another article on the Status, and without indicating that it was a *second notice*, without assigning any reason whatever for returning to the book; without calling on the author to solve any doubts which might have arisen in the editor's mind as to the correctness of his *first criticism*, and without having even perused the authority by which he intended to sustain his second article, he unabashedly and inconsistently contradicted his former opinion, and attempted to support the latter opinion by allegations which cannot be sustained. The

article commences by stating, that "One hundred and eleven years since, Dr. D'Blossiers Tovey, Principal of New Inn Hall, Oxford, gave to the world, his *Anglia Judaica*." The reviewer, after admitting that the book "is a work not very remarkable for its style of composition," that "it is written in a diffuse, uncritical, and unmethodical manner;" and that he believes Dr. Tovey, received from Mr. Holmes, Deputy-keeper of the Records of the Tower, in 1738, "all the copies of ancient records touching the condition of the Jews in England which are inserted in the *Anglia Judaica*, and which constitute the chief value of that work," then says, that Tovey's book has the merit, "of pains-taking and original research," and that "it may be justly esteemed the best work now extant on the history of the Jews in this country." Having thus logically lauded the authority by which he intends to establish his case, the reviewer then says:—"The *Anglia Judaica* is not once quoted in the Status, yet all the information which it contains is derived from that source." Now, Sir, that allegation is as absurd as it is false, for how can a book which treats of, and the chief portion of which is taken up by, the history of the Jews in England for the last hundred years (and a most important portion of their history it is), be said to be entirely copied from a book published one hundred and ten years previously? The Status comprises 183 pages,—the sketch of the early history of the Jews given in that book does not occupy thirty pages,—and the remainder (viz. 153 pages), is occupied with notices of events which occurred subsequently to the publication of Tovey's book; therefore, unless one-sixth part be equal to the whole (and Euclid can decide that point), all the Status could not have been taken from the *Anglia Judaica* except, indeed, that Tovey's turbid tome, phoenix-like, had risen from its ashes, and imbued in its resuscitation, a large portion of modern knowledge. So much for the Reviewer's allegation. But as allegations must be sustained by evidence, let us examine his proof; it is the following:—

"Mr. Egan says: 'Accredited historians inform us that William the Conqueror brought the Jews from Roan to England, and that they settled here under the protection and patronage of that king.' This is just what Dr. Tovey said; his words are slightly altered; but Mr. Egan preserves the Doctor's peculiar orthography of *Roan* for *Rouen*, thus affording a direct clue to his authority." Now, Sir, had Tovey used the word *Roan*, in stating the above historical fact, that would not have made it "his peculiar orthography," because most of the early writers wrote the name of the metropolis of Normandy, "*Roan*." It was so written by Peck, years before Tovey. (See *Academie tertia Anglicana*, book iv. p. 2, circa, 1068); it was so written by Baker, whose *Chronicles* were published, A.D. 1679, nearly sixty years before the *Anglia Judaica* appeared; and Stow (upwards of one hundred and thirty years before Dr. Tovey originated and promulgated his peculiar orthography) wrote it in the same manner; for Stow, in his *Annals* (p. 137), says:—"King William brought the Jews from *Roan*, to inhabit here." (*Stow's Annals*, publ. A.D. 1605.) These and other authorities are cited in the Status; and additional authorities, still earlier, and far better than Tovey's book, might have likewise been given, had a parade of research been (as the reviewer insinuates) an object. But what will the literary world think, Sir, of the learning, accuracy, or truthfulness, of the Editor of the *Athenaeum* and his reviewer, when it is shown that Dr. Tovey did not use the word *Roan*? What Tovey says is:—"And first concerning the antiquity and original establishment of the Jews in England, I find our historians almost unanimously agreeing, that they were first brought over from *Normandy*!" (See *Tovey's Anglia Judaica*, p. 3.)^{*} Thus the evidence is as fallacious as the charge is false.

To answer fully an attack which took the writer thereof twelve months to concoct, which occupies upwards of eight columns of closely printed matter, which impugns the critical acumen of that important portion of the press of England which has already noticed the book, and which arraigns the whole of "The Status of the Jews in England," would occupy more time than its author can at present devote to that purpose; but should his leisure, at no distant day, permit, he will

* The word "Roan" does not occur in any part of the Doctor's huge quarto volume, although the book contains some hundreds of pages.

refute the *entière* of the article; and not only show that Tovey's book does not possess the merit of "pains-taking and original research;" but also show that he took the idea of his book from a work written against the Jews and published about 200 years back—that he took his chief historical notices from the same source—and that he evidently took his title, *Anglia Judaica*, from the same old book. It is obvious that Tovey must have taken his historical notices of events which occurred ages before his time, from earlier writers than himself, and the difference between the conduct of the author of *The Status* and Tovey is, that the former took his information from the fountain head, and acknowledged his authorities; but the latter did not. Had the editor of the *Athenaeum* read the *Anglia Judaica*, he would have seen, at a glance, that Tovey or his book was not entitled to be noticed in the *Status*, a work which, as its title and introductory pages clearly indicate, is an impartial consideration of the position of the Jews in England, and also a consideration "whether or not facts sustain the allegations and condemnatory statements, hitherto advanced and so generally promulgated against that people" (See the *Status*, p. 3); whereas Tovey's book is, on the contrary, a partial and prejudiced view of the matter, being chiefly taken up with ridiculous and false tales extracted from old Chroniclers and Monkish writers; indeed, for so big a book, there never was published, perhaps, so bad a book, and eruditè writers seem to have entertained and expressed somewhat similar opinion of it nearly 100 years since. In fact, no ordinary reader can mistake the bias of Tovey's mind; for, although a spark of commiseration for the wretched Jews occasionally escapes him as a cover-shame, yet he does not fail to immediately drag forth an account of some monstrous and horrible atrocity committed by the vile Jews "about this time." How, therefore, could it be reasonably expected by the editor of the *Athenaeum* (who avers that "he is an advocate for Jewish emancipation, and that he views with unmixed satisfaction, the hourly and daily progress of civil and religious liberty"), that Tovey's book could have been cited with propriety in the *Status*, and *as an authority*, too? Brief as are the above remarks, Sir, compared with the prolixity of the attack, I hope it will be considered that I have clearly proved the allegation of the *Athenaeum* to be false; and also proved to be false the evidence upon which the reviewer relied to establish his case. As regards the scurrility of the article, I cannot descend to answer that; but, in conclusion, I recommend the editor of the *Athenaeum*, ere he again attacks a book or a writer, to previously peruse the *authority* by aid of which he intends to prove his case. It is with great regret I trespass, in self-defence, on your attention; but there are some cases, and this deems to be one of them, where silence would be error.

I have the honour to remain,

Sir,
Your very obedient servant,
THE AUTHOR OF "THE STATUS OF THE
JEWES IN ENGLAND."

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

DESTRUCTION.—A shot is stated, by the *Glasgow Chronicle*, to have been invented in that city by a workman, which is filled with a peculiar powder, and becomes red hot for military purposes within twenty seconds of being fired from the gun!

Some curious investigations have been for some time carried on in the Gut of Gibraltar by M. Couvent-des Bois. He has proved as a certainty the existence of a superficial current flowing from the ocean into the Mediterranean, and of a deep under-current flowing from the Mediterranean into the ocean. He has also ascertained that between these two currents there exists a bed of water which is in perfect repose.

NORTH AMERICA.—A project is entertained, and excites great interest in that quarter of the earth, for uniting the navigation of Lake Champlain with the river St. Lawrence, by means of a ship canal of thirty-four miles in length ~~with~~ only two locks. Farther operations of the same kind are contemplated, which would unite Lake Champlain with the Hudson, and make 1500 miles of clear internal navigation, extending from the Illinois coast on Lake Michigan to New York.

FRENCH EXPLORATION OF AFRICA.—The French Journals state, that Captain Boüet has succeeded in as-

cending the Great Bassam River in the *Serpent*, in which exploit he lost three out of four officers. Two magnificent lakes in the interior are described, and such an abundance of palm oil as would enrich a country. Captain Boüet holds the Bassam to be a confluent of the Niger, and that in the rainy season it may be navigated to within sixty leagues of Sego. He also speaks of a city more important than Timbuctoo, and the entrepot of the gold and silk merchandise transported across the country by caravans.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH BETWEEN LONDON AND PARIS.—The French Government has accorded to Mr. Jacob Brett the authorization to establish on the coast of France a submarine electric telegraph between Calais and Boulogne, which, crossing the Channel, will go to Dover on the coast of England. The treaty entered into with Mr. Brett guarantees certain advantages to the French Government, and leaves all the expense at the charge of Mr. Brett, assuring him, however a privilege for years in case the experiment should succeed. The works must be terminated by the 1st of September, 1850, at the latest; but it is probable that they will be finished sooner. This first application of the submarine electric telegraph, if it should succeed, as from the long examinations which have been made there is every reason to hope, will produce on the relations between France and England results of which it is impossible at present to estimate the importance. Dover, the point at which the submarine telegraph is to join England, is united to London by a direct telegraphic line; the capitals will, therefore, be in this manner in almost instantaneous communication.

PHILLIPS'S FIRE ANNIHILATOR.—On Friday, last a number of interesting experiments were made at the London Gas Company's Works, Vauxhall, with this ingenious and remarkable invention. These were preceded by an explanation from Mr. Phillips of the manner in which he was led to the discovery, and of the principles upon which its success depends. He stated that while watching a volcanic eruption in the Mediterranean, he observed that the huge column of water which was discharged from the crater did not extinguish the flame which accompanied it, while the smoke of a brushwood fire swept by the wind put out another brushwood-fire near it. He exemplified the little power of water in extinguishing flame by several very simple experiments, and he then introduced the "fire annihilator," and at once put out very large fires fed with the most combustible materials. The extraordinary speed, ease, and certainty with which the invention acted, in all the trials to which it was put, excited the admiration of many gentlemen of scientific attainments who were present; and there can be little doubt that the "patent fire annihilator" is a very valuable addition to the discoveries of the age. In construction and application it has the great advantage of being extremely simple, being quite portable, and capable of being placed where it would be most accessible in cases of emergency. The gases which it evolves, and which are found so efficacious in extinguishing flame, are produced from a compound of charcoal, nitre, and gypsum, which again is ignited by breaking a glass bottle containing sulphuric acid. The acid drops upon chlorate of potass and sugar, and instantly a large body of vapour is evolved with great force from a tube connected with the copper or metal chamber in which the whole materials are enclosed. This vapour extinguishes flame with a rapidity which is truly marvellous, and by it Mr. Phillips appears to have arrived at the simplest and most certain means of effecting a large saving in the immense annual loss of property and life by fire in this country. That loss is calculated to amount in property to 2,000,000. A company has taken up the invention.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

HERBERT MELVILLE, author of *Mardi*, *Typee*, *Omoo*, and other productions, has announced a new work called *Redburn, his First Voyage: being the Sailor Boy's Confessions, &c.* The New York *Literary World* states that Melville is the son of a former Secretary of Legation from the United States to our Government; that he went to sea early in life, and followed it for a considerable period; and that he is still an athletic young man, married to the daughter of Judge Shaw, and settled in

Massachusetts.—A new edition of *Dugdale's Monasticon* is in process of publication by Mr. March, of Jermyn-street, St. James's. It is an improvement on preceding editions, both as regards the quantity of new matter added to what has already been published, and as to the number and value of the engravings by which it is illustrated. The editors are the late Mr. Caley, of the Augmentation-office, Sir H. Ellis, of the British Museum, and the Rev. Dr. Bandinel, of the Bodleian Library. A copious index, the labour of Mr. R. Taylor, the author of the *Index Monasticus* of Norwich, enhances the value of the work.

It is reported that Chief Justice Haliburton (the author of *Sam Slick*) intends to retire from public life, shortly, on a pension.—The Queen has granted a pension of 100*l.* per annum on the civil list to Lady Hamilton, the wife of Sir W. Hamilton, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, and a valuable contributor to philosophical literature.—The American papers state that the terms of a divorce have been agreed upon by the counsel in the case of *Pierce Butler v. Fanny Kemble Butler*, satisfactory to both parties. The principal conditions are, that Mr. Butler is to allow Mrs. Butler 1,500 dollars annually; he to retain possession of their children (two daughters) excepting two months in each year, which they are to spend with their mother.—M. de Lamartine is completely ruined; and after making efforts, almost as great as those of our own Sir Walter Scott to save his patrimony, it is at length to be inevitably consigned to the auctioneer's hammer. Amongst the *ventes d'immeubles* of the Paris papers is to be seen, "A rendre la terre de Milly, appartenant à M. de Lamartine," &c. This is the place where M. de Lamartine was born, where he passed his earliest years, and which he has immortalized in his *Confidences*. At one time it was thought that the place could be saved. One of the principal publishers of Paris agreed to pay off the whole of the debts affecting the property, M. de Lamartine agreeing, in return, to supply the publisher in question with a certain number of volumes. The arrangement was complete, the money was about to be paid down, when the revolution of February occurred. The publisher offered to keep his bargain, but informed M. de Lamartine that in doing so he should be irretrievably ruined, upon which M. de Lamartine at once tore up the bond. M. de Lamartine has now no resource left but his pen. The rental of Milly was about 1,000*l.*, but it was mortgaged to more than its full value. And Lamartine's troubles are not likely to end with the loss of the birthplace which he so affectionately worships, for several persons who have been offended by statements in his *History of the Revolution of 1848*, intend to bring actions against him; and an author of some eminence, it seems, preparing a complete refutation of the work.

In reference to Sir John Franklin's expedition, we have accounts from the Sandwich Islands, dated the 20th of May, which announced that Her Majesty's ships *Pandora* and *Herald* were anchored at those islands. It will be remembered that they were, some time ago, instructed to search in the Northern Pacific for the adventurous Polar navigator, in order to render succour if such were required. It is stated, in a letter from St. Petersburg, that Lady Franklin having addressed a memorial to the Emperor of Russia in which she stated that there is some possibility that the expedition which sailed four years ago from England for the discovery of the north-west passage, under the command of her husband, Sir John Franklin, has been thrown on the coast of Siberia, or that of Nova Zembla, His Imperial Majesty has resolved to fit out an expedition to make a strict search on those distant shores.—The subscriptions towards the funds for the erection and endowment of a new museum at Oxford are said to amount to between 3,000*l.* and 4,000*l.*, independently of Mr. Hope's and other collections of natural history, and of duplicates to be contributed from the British Museum, and from various scientific institutions.—On Wednesday evening an interesting relic was presented to the conference then sitting in Oldham-street chapel, Manchester, through Mr. Osborne—namely, the hymn-book used by the venerable founder of Methodism, Mr. Wesley, and written with his own hand.—The *Siecle* says that overtures have been made to the English Government for the establishment with France of a convention relative to patents, by which, when patents should be taken out with certain

formalities, they would be available in both countries.—An association of publishers is, it is said, in progress of formation in Italy for the reproduction of the best works which may hereafter appear in France, in order to prevent throughout the former country the sale of the French editions.—An important and unpublished letter from General Wolfe to Colonel Isaac Barré, one of those to whom the authorship of the Letters of Junius has been attributed, was sold at Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson's on Saturday evening for half-a-guinea. It is written on three sides of a sheet of thick gilt-edge letter paper. Wolfe's letters are of the utmost rarity, and in this one proof is afforded that he applied direct for the services of Colonel Barré. The suspicion that Barré aided him in his dispatches and other official compositions is further sustained.—In a miscellaneous sale at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's, on Thursday of last week, twenty-two letters from George III. to Bishop Hurd (Warburton's Bishop Hurd) were sold at prices averaging about two guineas a-piece. In a letter from Windsor of the 30th of November, 1803, the following passage occurs:—We are here in daily expectation that Bonaparte will attempt his threatened invasion, the chances against his success seem so many that it is wonderful he persists in it. I own I place that thorough dependence on the protection of Divine Providence that I cannot help thinking the usurper is encouraged to make the trial that the ill success may put an end to his wicked purposes. Should his troops effect a landing, I shall certainly put myself at the head of mine and my other armed subjects to repel them. But as it is impossible to foresee the events of such a conflict, should the enemy approach too near to Windsor, I shall think it right the Queen and my daughters should cross the Severn, and shall send them to your episcopal palace at Worcester; by this hint I do not in the least mean they shall be any inconvenience to you, and shall send a proper servant and furniture for their accommodation. Should this event arise I certainly would rather have what I value most in life remain, during the conflict, in your diocese, and under your roof, than in any other place in the island.—Some interesting letters in the handwriting of William IV. addressed to C. R. Broughton, Esq., were sold at the same sale, and were bought, it is said, for the Queen Dowager. The Duke of Kent's letters, forty in number, and addressed to the same Mr. Broughton, were bought by Prince Albert.

We have received a circular proposing an "Anglo-Saxon Jubilee, in honour of Alfred the Great." There has never hitherto been any commemoration of Alfred, neither doth there exist a worthy memorial of him, other than that *monumentum aere perennius*—a name. The present year is the thousandth anniversary of the birth of the great king—and the parties issuing the circular conceive that now is a fitting time to wipe away the reproach. What form the commemoration which they propose shall take will depend, it would seem, on the number of persons who may join in the celebration. A public dinner in some principal banqueting hall, to take place in October—between the 26th and 29th of which month it is believed that King Alfred was born—is already announced by advertisement. Wantage, the birth place of the monarch, has been suggested as the scene of the commemoration, if it shall get beyond the mere ordinary form of a public dinner; and in that case a revival of old English sports and games is proposed as one of the features. In order that an interest in this national jubilee may be excited amongst all classes, it is hoped that liberal donors will come forward and offer prizes for successful competition in the various English sports and games; also for productions of home and cottage manufacture; also, for old age and good desert to some of the present poor in Wantage; and for other objects worthy of specific praise at such a celebration. It is also hoped that a surplus fund may be raised towards erecting at Wantage a memorial to record the commemoration; and that a donation may be given to the Royal Literary Fund in the name of the scholar King. The thousandth year of our founder is passing away step by step, as hour by hour; let us catch its golden autumn-skirt ere it depart, and wrestle with its angel for a blessing!—the blessing inestimable of national spirit well revived,—of true fraternity amongst all classes in our English family everywhere—of a grateful retrospect towards "Alfred's well," the Heaven-blest spring of so many of our mercies.

NECROLOGY OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, AND PHYSICIANS.

MRS. SHERIFFE.

March 20. At Southwold, in Suffolk, in her 77th year, Sarah, relict of the Rev. Thomas Sheriff, Rector of Uggeshall and Sotherton, in the same county.

Mrs. Sheriffe's maiden name was Bennet. After having had for many years the care of the children of Mr. Sheriffe by a former marriage, she became his second wife; and after his death, in 1842, she removed to Southwold, where she resided till her death.

Previous to her marriage she published three novels,—"Humbert Castle," 3 vols. 8vo. 1800; "Correlia," 4 vols.; and "The Forest of Hohenelbe," 3 vols. 1803: and after her marriage she was the authoress of "The Practical Study of Scripture recommended and illustrated by Reflections on some of the most remarkable examples, events, and discourses recorded in the Old and New Testament," 1823, 2 vols. 8vo.; and "Reflections on the Psalms," 2 vols. 12mo.—*Gent's Magazine*.

MISS HARRIETT PIGOTT.

April 8, 1846. At her residence, 101, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, London, aged 70 years and upwards, Miss Harriett Pigott.

This lady was the youngest daughter of the Rev. William Pigott, of Edgmond and Chetwynd, in Shropshire. The family of Pigott were of Butley, in the parish of Prestbury, in Cheshire; who were descended from the Pichots of Waverton and Broxton, in Cheshire, and these last from Gilbert Pichot, who was mesne lord of Broxton at the time of the Norman Conquest. The father of Miss Harriett Pigott married Annabella, daughter of John Mytton, Esq. of Halston, in Shropshire, and by that lady had one son, the late Rev. John Dryden Pigott, Rector of Edgmond; Dorothy-Anne, who died an infant; Anne, who married the late John Corbet, Esq., of Sundorne-castle, in Shropshire, both deceased; Annabella Pigott now living, and Harriett Pigott. The late Mrs. Corbet and Annabella were twin sisters, and, having been born full ten years before their sister Harriett, had arrived to the state of womanhood whilst Harriett was yet in a comparative state of childhood; hence arose, in some measure, an unfortunate disinclination to cultivate a sisterly companionship between them, and which seems to have marred all social intimacy, for throughout life an alienation was but too apparent; which probably led the subject of this memoir to seek for and embrace the society of other relations and of strangers, both in England and abroad.

The sprightliness and vivacity of this lady's disposition, aided by her very entertaining and agreeable manners, rendered her highly prominent in the extensive circles of literature and fashion, and especially so among her foreign acquaintance, with whom she passed many years; she became intimate with the Prince Polignac and his family, and had the honour of receiving a private audience from His Royal Highness the Duke of Bordeaux. From this elevated society she experienced such friendly reception and real kindness, that it might have considerably influenced her in her ultimate resolve of embracing the Roman Catholic religion. The last eight years of her life were chiefly passed in London, where she kept up an intercourse with literary persons, and she occasionally visited her friends in Shropshire and Buckinghamshire. The style of her letters was particularly correct and natural, replete with interesting and acute remarks on the current events of the day. Her works were numerous, among which were "Records of real Life in the Palace and the Cottage;" "A Correspondence with her acknowledged Friends;" and "The Three Springs of Beauty," to the latter of which is prefixed her portrait. All her manuscripts, drawings, albums, sketches of foreigners, political documents, and collections for a memoir of General Mytton, who figured in the Parliamentary army, are bequeathed to the Bodleian Library at Oxford.—*Gent's Magazine*.

WIT AND WISDOM.

A TOUGH JOB.—A fellow writing from somewhere out West says:—"We started for some little town in the vicinity of Holstein; I would not undertake to spell or pronounce the name; but if you would take Kickago and Ojibbeway, mix them up with Passamaquoddy, and pronounce the whole backwards, you will get within about six miles of the name."

INTUITIVE KNOWLEDGE.—It has been remarked in Belgium that whenever the cholera became violent in a village or town, the swallow and other birds assembled and emigrated, but that they returned on the decline of the disease. Thus it happened at Verviers when twenty people died of cholera *per diem* out of a population of 2,000, that not a single swallow or singing bird was to be seen. When cholera went away the birds returned.—*Kölner Zeitung*.

FRENCH POETRY.—Some weeks ago I had to record that the Académie Française had awarded the prize for the best poem on the slaughter of the Archbishop of Paris, to one M. Amedee Pommier, a person of some literary notoriety in these regions. The man has since published his poem, and the following brief extract will show you the sort of deplorable trash to which the Académie has done honour:

"Nous nous des rappelons, ces sinistres journées,
Ruisseantes du sang des luttes acharnées,
Où l'on n'entendait rien dans la ville, sinon
La fusillade jointe au bruit sourd du canon,
Et dès le point du jour, la triste générale
Que coupaient du tosion le formidable rale!"

Of which the following is a faithful, though not elegant rendering:—

We all remember that period of sinister daylight,
Which was quite drenched in the blood of the sanguinary fight!
When not a sound at all was heard in Paris the great town,
Unless indeed it were the big thunder of cannon!
Joined, it is true, to the sharp clang of musketry,
Which silenced the tocsin, but not the loud drummers!

Alas! for poetry in France, when such rubbish is publicly honoured! — *Paris Correspondent of the Literary Gazette*."

AMERICAN TERRITORY.—The United States Commissioner of the General Land-office has made his report regarding that part of the territory not yet formed into States. He shows that in surface it will make forty-six such states as Pennsylvania, each containing 28,000,000 acres. Should such a division ever take place, thirty-five of these would be free States, according to the proposed Missouri Compromise Line, which marks the parallel of 36½ degrees of latitude as the limit north of which no slavery shall exist; or, should Oregon, California, and New Mexico separate themselves, leaving the Rocky Mountains as the division between the Atlantic and Pacific States, the Atlantic Union would contain fifty-seven, and the Pacific Union nineteen separate States, each of the latter being the same size as Pennsylvania, or about four times as large as the kingdom of Holland.—*New York Correspondent of "The Times."*

VISITINGS.

(From the Remains of the late Theodore Hook.)

N.B.—A Lady having presented the Author, on a visit, with her thumb to shake hands with, the muse opened her mouth and spoke as follows:—

Some women at parting scarce give you
So much as a simple good-bye,
And from others as long as you live, you
Will never be bless'd with a sigh;
Some will press you so warmly, you'd linger
Beside them for ever, and some
Will give you an icy forefinger,
But Fanny presents you a thumb.

Some will give you a look of indifference,
Others will give you a smile;
While some of the colder and stiffer ones,
Bow in their own chilly style.
There are some who look merry at parting,
And some who look woefully glum;
Some give you a blessing at starting,
But Fanny just gives you a thumb.

There are some who will go to the door with you,
Some ring for the man or the maid;
Some who do less, and some more, with you,
And a few would be glad if you stay'd.
A good many wish you'd be slack again,
Their way on a visit to come;
Two or three give you leave to go back again,
But Fanny gives only her thumb.

With a number ten minutes are longer
Than you find yourself welcome to stay;
While some, whose affections are stronger,
Would like to detain you all day.
Some offer you sherry and biscuit;
Others give not a drop nor a crumb;
Some a sandwich, from surloin or brisket,
But Fanny gives simply her thumb.

Some look with a sort of squint to you.
Some whisper they've visits to make;
Some glance at their watches—a hint to you,
Which, if you're wise, you will take,
Some faintly invite you to dinner
(So faint, you may see it's all hum,
Unless you're a silly beginner),
But Fanny presents you a thumb.

Some chatter—thirteen to the dozen—
Some don't speak a word all the time;
Some open the albums they've chosen,
And beg you to scribble in rhyme;
Some bellow so loud, they admonish
Your ear to take care of its drum;
Some give you an ogle quite tonish,
But Fanny gives naught, save her thumb.

Some wonder how long you've been absent,
Despair of your coming again;
While some have a coach or a cab sent,
To take you away if it rain.
Some shut up their windows in summer,
Some won't stir the fire though you're numb;
Some give you hot punch in a rummer,
But Fanny gives only her thumb.

Some talk about scandal or lovers,
Some talk about Byron or Scott;
Some offer you eggs laid by plovers,
Some offer the luck of the pot;
A great many offer you nothing,
They sit, like automata, dumb,
The silly ones give you a loathing,
But Fanny gives merely her thumb.

Some bore you with six-year-old gabies,
In the shape of a master or miss;
Others hold up their slobbering babies,
Which you must be a brute not to kiss:
Some tell you their household disasters,
While others their instruments strum;
Some give you receipts for corn plasters,
But Fanny presents you her thumb.

Some talk of the play they've been last at,
And some of the steam-driven coach;
While those who are prudes look aghast at
Each piece of new scandal you broach:
Some talk of converting the Hindoos,
To relish, like Christians, their rum;
Some give you a view from their windows,
But Fanny gives only her thumb.

Some ask what you think of the tussle, man,
Between the all-lies and the Porte;
And Cod-rington's thrashing the muscle-man
(Puns being such people's forte).
The men speak of change in the cabinet;
The women—how can they sit mum?
Give their thoughts upon laces and tabinet,
But Fanny gives merely her thumb.

Some speak of the Marquis of Lansdowne,
Who, to prove the old proverb, has set
About thief-catching—laying wise plans down
In the "Hue and Cry," weekly gazette.
Some think that the Whigs are but noodles,
(But such are, of course, the mere scum);
Some give you long tales of their poodles,
But Fanny presents you her thumb.

Good luck to them all!—where I visit,
I meet with warm hearts and warm hands;
But that's not a common thing, is it?
For I neither have houses nor lands:
Not a look but the soul has a part in it
(How different the looks are of some!)
Oh! give me a hand with a heart in it,
And the devil take finger and thumb.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

MARRIAGE.

MACKENZIE.—On the 31st ult., at 24, Stafford-street, Edinburgh, by the Rev. Mr. Veitch, Mr. William Mackenzie, printer and publisher, Glasgow, to Margaret, eldest daughter of William Law, Esq.

DEATHS.

BEGNIS.—Lately in America, Signor de Begnis—of cholera. A score of years since he was popular in England as a singer, who commanded a vein of Italian farce sufficiently whimsical, impudent, and volatile.

CHALON.—On the 15th inst., at his residence, No. 7, Queen-street, Brompton, Mr. Henry Bernard Chalon, animal painter, in the 79th year of his age.

COLMAN.—Lately in America, Mr. Henry Colman, the American agriculturist.

HATCHARD.—On the 17th inst., in the 77th year of her age, Elizabeth, widow of John Hatchard, Esq., of Clapham-common, and formerly of Piccadilly, bookseller.

HEHERINGTON.—Last week at his residence in London, Mr. Hetherington, the zealous Chartist publisher.

HOARE.—On the 18th inst., at his residence, Ponsonby-terrace, Vauxhall, deeply regretted and much respected by a large circle of friends, Clement Hoare, Esq., aged 60, author of the celebrated "Treatise on the Grape Vine," &c.

KEY.—On the 23rd, Aston Key, Esq., F.R.S., one of the most distinguished surgeons of London, of the cholera. He was Senior Surgeon at Guy's Hospital, Surgeon in Ordinary to Prince Albert, and the author of several publications on surgical science, held in the highest estimation by the profession.

MARTIN.—On the 17th, Mr. John Martin, during forty-two years Clerk and Collector to the Royal Society of Antiquaries.

MOORE.—On the 12th, Miss Clara Moore, the author of several justly popular publications for juvenile improvement.

NATTAL.—On the 19th inst., at Jersey, after a few hours' illness, Mr. M. A. Natali, bookseller, Bedford-street, Covent-garden.

READE.—On the 4th, at his residence at La Maya, Sir Thomas Reade, Consul-General at Tunis. Sir Thomas was a zealous investigator of Carthaginian and Roman-African antiquities, and wrote several accounts of their discoveries, as well as papers on the Berber and other languages of North Africa.

SHARPE.—On the 17th, at Newcastle, Mr. Cuthbert Sharpe, a zealous antiquary.

REID.—Lately, Dr. John Reid, Professor of Anatomy and Medicine in the United College of St. Andrew's—favourably known to the profession by the publication of his "Physiological, Anatomical, and Pathological Researches."

SCUDAMORE.—Lately, in his 70th year, Sir Charles Scudamore, the celebrated physician.

Heirs-at-Law, Next-of-Kin, &c. wanted.

[A Register of the References where full particulars of the following may be found, is kept at the CRITIC OFFICE. To prevent unnecessary trouble or impertinent curiosity, they will be supplied only on payment of half-a-crown for the search. If the inquiry be by letter, this may be transmitted in postage stamps. It will be sufficient to state the number prefixed to the particular case upon which information is sought.]

1188. **HEIRS OR NEXT-OF-KIN OF MAURICE M'CORMACK**, some time gentleman's servant in England, thereafter coachman to a nobleman in Scotland.

1189. **JOHN ROTHERY VERNON**, many years a purser's clerk in the Navy, and afterwards (about twenty years ago) resided in Manor-street, Chelsea. *A legacy of 500l. under the will of his uncle, Robert Vernon, esq.*

1190. **NEXT-OF-KIN OF ELIZABETH GOODE**, late of Bedford-place, Old Kent-road, Surrey (who died in October 1848).

1191. **FAMILY OF RELATIONS OF MR. HONYWOOD HUGHES** (who died some months ago in the neighbourhood of Tacna, in Bolivia).

1192. **HEIR OR HEIRS-AT-LAW**, and also the heirs according to the custom of the manor of Hexham, of **FRANCIS DELALAV GRAY**, late a lieutenant in Her Majesty's 14th Dragoons (who died at Tonk, in the presidency of Bombay, in the East Indies, on or about the month of January, 1846).

1193. **NEXT-OF-KIN OF ROBERT BAISTON**, late of Billingham, Durham, gentleman, deceased (died Dec. 2, 1845), living at the time of his death, or their personal representatives.

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